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THE WOOLLY HORSE

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BY

ALEXANDER S. BACON

OF THE NEW YORK BAR

Author of "The Illegal Trial of Christ," "Masonic Nobility," Etc.

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"Magna est veritas et praevalebit"

but it sometimes hurts.

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PREFACE.

Many facts contained in this volume are not palatable; they hurt our vanity; but bitter medicine is often necessary, though one hates the doctor who gives it.

The Panama story is startling and humiliating. The financial and political interests behind the gigantic swindle are so potent that publicity through ordinary channels is impossible. Hence this book. The writer visited Paris in the Summer of 1908 for the purpose of investigating the Panama Scandal, and speaks with knowledge.

Congress does not dare investigate, and if it should be spurred into a pretended investigation, another Committee, with a majority hostile to the inquiry, would probaly re-enact the travesty of 1906, when Senator Morgan, vainly tried to get Mr. Cromwell to answer any important question, during days of examination, other than "I decline to answer," on the ground that he was attorney for everybody in interest, including himself. The Committee sustained him in his frivolous and insulting conduct, until Senator Morgan obtained a resolution of the Senate directing Mr. Cromwell to answer. Whereupon Mr. Cromwell sailed for Europe, and Senator Morgan, having been taken sick and having died, the matter was dropped; and yet Mr. Cromwell, in a recent interview, stated: "All this * * * was thrashed out before the United States Senate Committee by the late Senator Morgan. * * * It was pursued with unparalleled energy and skill. It was, however, completely exploded and refuted by the facts in the case, and ended in complete discomfiture."

Requests for the re-publication of "The Woolly Horse," long since out of print, have been persistent. This great Republic is becoming great enough to listen to the truth and

learn lessons from the actual facts of history. If a young, scientific officer had been put in command of the Army of Invasion of Cuba, not ten men would have been killed, and the Army maneuvers would have been as skillful and scientific as the Navy's.

The other articles contain some facts learned by an active practitioner in New York, and general knowledge of them ought to better our financial, economic and moral conditions. The light of truth can do no harm.

Republics have not always heeded their warnings, but have rushed blindly on to despotism. We believe, however, that Americans have enough innate good sense and patriotism to correct hurtful tendencies and return to the early virtues of the Republic. When they correctly diagnose a political disease, they will apply the corrective, and will thus preserve the same blessings of liberty in the strength of national manhood that were enjoyed in the weakness of national youth. Imitation is the sincerest form of flattery, and if we so purify our laws, and so honestly execute them, that we are worthy of imitation, the whole world should follow our example and become republics, consecrated to liberty, equality, fraternity and peace. To reach this "consummation devoutly to be wished," we must know the actual facts of history, not a press agent's account of his own imaginary achievements.

February 15, 1909.

ALEXANDER S. BACON.

37 Liberty Street, New York.

I.

PANAMA; A REVELRY IN CRIME.

The Panama swindle illustrates the salient and dominant characteristics of this age. Mammon reigns; Mars is dethroned; Mercury is prime minister. The God of War is servant to the God of Greed, and the God of Cheats and Swindlers rules them both. One generation ago, the great men were the Warriors, Statesmen, Poets, and members of the Learned Professions; now—within the last twenty-five years—all these have become servants to the Tainted Check Book. Politics is syndicated, and lobbyists unnecessary, for the Great Men of this generation own legislatures, and exalt their lobbyists into honorable Senators.

"Get money; honestly, if you can, but get money." Great corporations and even great nations enter the lists in a scramble to swindle. The public conscience is dulled by the example of The Great, and "Dere'r a Kleptomania feelin' in de air." Crimes of brutality are on the decrease, and the world grows better; but crimes of cunning are universal, and nations are controlled by the Predatory Rich. The distinctive crimes of this generation are crimes of subtlety and finesse, and behind every widespread swindle that extracts millions from the unwary poor, you will find a string of banks, and even governments. Mammon reigns, and Mercury is his Warwick.

Panama, the greatest scandal of the nineteenth and twentieth centuries, presents features that are startling and not generally known; it involves not only statesmen, newspapers, banks, and ordinary confidence men, but the two great Republics as well; the American end of the scandal is as disgraceful as the French; the swindled victims are not only the confiding poor, but a confiding nation; and the active agent

who planned the international shame has grown fat and powerful in cunning and openly boasts of his power and influence at Washington.

Recent discoveries have revealed the fact that the Panama Canal is the most gigantic fraud of the centuries. Its whole history, past and present, is a revelry in crime; robbing the peasantry of France to enrich, first, a few French swindlers, and later, an American Syndicate of Wall Street gamblers; strewing France with wrecks and suicides; staining the soil of Colombia with the blood of tens of thousands in revolutions fomented in Paris, New York and Washington; robbing the French and cheating the American people; all for the "Almighty dollar" in the scramble for which the two great Republics have violated almost every law, human and divine; and the man who planned and executed the scheme and sold a gold brick to the U. S. has erected for himself a pedestal to stand upon and demands the homage of greatness.

Count De Lesseps.

It is now known that the Suez Canal was conceived and executed in iniquity. As an engineering problem it was simple, but its construction was honeycombed with graft. However, success is a mantle that covers a multitude of sins. It gave De Lesseps honor, fame and wealth; he was proclaimed "the engineering genius of the world," "the greatest Frenchman." As a matter of fact, he was a promoter rather than an engineer, and he died a convicted criminal. Some think that De Lesseps was inherently dishonest, but most Frenchmen still look upon him as "The Grand Old Man" and say that, in his downfall, he was old and confiding, and that designing swindlers gained and abused his confidence, and deceived *him* while robbing the people on a scale hitherto unknown. The amounts involved in the Panama swindles are gigantic; the scandals nearly wrecked the French Government, and the re-

sults were more disastrous than war; yet the great criminals go unpunished, and reap substantial profits, by cunning manipulations of their New York attorney, even after their conviction in the French courts, turning fines into 29 per cent. profits. It is a marvelous story.

After Suez, De Lesseps sought other worlds to conquer, and a trans-Isthmian canal was the next natural enterprise for exploitation. The indorsement of the Panama route by the great De Lesseps was enough to silence all argument. He had given the Colon-Panama route an examination so trifling that it could not even be called superficial. He made a dogmatic proclamation, and no one dared reply: The new sea level canal would cost $120,000,000, and be finished by 1890. A twelve years' concession was obtained from Colombia in 1878. A company was formed in 1880 with the very small capital of 300,000,000 francs ($60,000,000), and this was eagerly taken up by the peasantry. The rich knew better. Two or three shares were the average number held by each stockholder. Bond issues followed each other in quick succession. These, too, were taken by farmers, janitors and small shop keepers, from their little savings, and the average bond holdings were small.

The French Swindlers.

Substantially every statement in preliminary prospectuses was knowingly false, and every franc was obtained in circumstances of false representations that amounted to larceny. The canal was started with much pretence, and a revelry of criminal extravagance began, unequalled in history.

The criminal waste at Colon can never be appreciated by those who have not seen it with their own eyes. The writer viewed the wreckage of this enterprise in 1898. Along the line of the railroad, out from Colon, were miles—literally miles—of permanent sheds, filled with expensive machinery, car trucks, etc., never used, yet rusted and worthless. If a loco-

motive jumped the track, no effort was made to put it back; a new one took its place. Several steamboats were conveyed by rail to the center of the isthmus and securely anchored on dry land, miles from water, on the site of an artificial lake, not yet built. These steamers, for years, outrode the gales of their mountain fastness, and were melancholy monuments of crime. It is needless to say that substantially all Canal purchases were attended with criminal rebates, false vouchers and fictitious values. The purpose of the plunderers was fully expressed in a toast at a dinner in Paris: "Here's to the Panama Canal; "may it ever be building and never be built."

Of course, the end came. New funds must be raised. The last bond issue had failed. Heroic measures were necessary to secure the passage of a bill authorizing a bond issue by lottery. The French are nothing if not spectacular, and one of the most startling climaxes in French history was seen in the Chamber of Deputies, when one member arose in his place and flaunted in the faces of his brethren a list of 161 members who had accepted bribes to vote for the lottery. Baron Reinach, the Company's lobbyist, committed suicide. A list of Paris and London newspapers that had received the Baron's checks in payment for influence, was published with the exact amounts received. The bubble had burst and criminal proceedings began. De Lesseps and many of his confederates were convicted and punished.

One curious part of the canal scheme was the early appointment of an American Committee, consisting of Drexel, Morgan & Co., Seligman & Co., and Winslow, Lanier & Co. (See Proceedings of Senate Sub-Committee, 1902, pages 201, 202) to whom about $2,400,000 was paid for no known return. It was a part of the general scheme to buy influence and make the common people think that great financial houses were behind the enterprise. This Committee had no direct relation, however, with the American syndicate formed later, in November, 1899.

In 1889, all work on the canal and all interest on securities were suspended, and a receiver, or liquidator, was appointed by the French courts. He estimated in 1890, that it would cost $600,000,000 to *complete* a sea level canal. The obligations of the Company, substantially all of which were held by the French peasantry, consisted of $60,000,000 in stock and about $200,000,000 in bonds. If interest be added, the figures are still more stupendous. Probably about $200,000,000 of this sum was criminal waste or pure theft, by means of false vouchers, secret rebates, padded contracts and other well-known Tweed methods; at least, there was, in 1889, little to show for the money.

The revelation of the Panama scandals, and the consequent suicides and panics, nearly wrecked the French government. The losses permeated every hamlet in France. The poor suffered; the rich grew richer. It was found that among the offenders were Eiffel, the famous engineer, a man of great wealth, and wearer of the Cross of the Legion of Honor; De Lesseps, and his son, six banks and two newspapers. Among the banks were the Credit Lyonnais, doing the largest banking business in the world, and the Societe Generale, next to the Credit Lyonnais, the largest bank in France; one bank was American; the principal owners of "Le Matin" and "Le Journal," among the most influential newspapers of Paris, besides statesmen, contractors and common swindlers, were on the roll of dishonor and appear on the list of the "penalized."

While public wrath was at a white heat, a "proxy" for the bondholders was appointed by special law of July 1, 1893. M. Lemarquis was named and, as stated by M. Lucien Napoleon Bonaparte Wyse, the original concessionaire of the Canal, the law said to M. Lemarquis:

> "We entrust to you the interests and fortunes of all "the poor people who have put their last cent in the "Panama affair; defend them and protect their rights,

"and, especially, make disgorge all those who have "swindled the Panama Company."

He appears to have been faithful to his trust for a time—until, in 1900, American interests took him into camp. He then joined the enemies of the people. At first, he pursued with energy, both in the civil and criminal courts, all those swindlers "who like pirates around a disabled ship, had taken "possession of all its booty, and had realized, out of the de-"struction of the De Lesseps enterprise, tremendous illicit and "scandalous gains."

Some of these culprits were convicted; one served five years in prison. Some 43 millions of francs were agreed to be due from these swindlers, whose crimes were perpetrated with the aid of forged vouchers, fictitious contracts and the other sleight-o'-hand performances of "respectable" swindlers. Forty-three millions of francs was, however, a mere fraction of the actual misappropriations. That sum was "owned up to."

M. Lemarquis, in the first stages of his career as "proxy" (later he became liquidator) seems to have conscientiously carried out the law of July 1, 1893, that created his office, but he was immediately confronted with a crisis:—

The original concession of twelve years had expired in 1890. A temporary extension had been obtained from Colombia until 1894, on condition that a new company should be organized to *finish the canal.* In order that the concession might not lapse, and everything thus be lost, it became imperative that a new company should be organized.

In this year, 1893, Mr. William Nelson Cromwell, became the counsel of the old company, or, rather, of its liquidator. He was nominally the Counsel of the Panama railroad, substantially all the stock of which was, however, owned by the Old Company, which was now wholly in the hands of the liquidator; and from that time on Mr. Cromwell's influence was paramount, almost exclusive. The gigantic scheme that fol-

lowed, which swindled the American people for the benefit of his crooked clients, was conceived and carried out while he was simultaneously the attorney for the old company, and the new company, and later, for the United States and Panama. He was top, sides and bottom: the attorney at law, the attorney in fact, and the active agent that represented all interests. This is what happened:

A new company must be organized to preserve the concession. An attempt to get subscriptions for stock failed utterly. No one was fool enough to invest a franc. Indeed, very few but the peasantry had invested in the old company, the average holding of stock in which was only two or three shares, and the average holding of bonds but a trifle greater. In the fervor of patriotic excitement the poor had invested their all, but they were not to be deceived again. Panama and every one connected with it were in disgrace.

A Fraudulent Company With "Penalized" Stockholders.

A company was organized on October 31, 1894, with the merely nominal capital of sixty-five million francs, of which five million francs ($1,000,000) was to be fully paid and given to Colombia in part payment for an extension until 1904. On one pretext or another, these shares were not, however, delivered to Colombia, although the extension was granted. The remaining sixty million francs ($12,000,000) was a ridiculously low capitalization to build a canal that had already cost $260,000,000, and was only just begun. The new Panama Company was a patent fraud—a mere skeleton—and the transparent object of the company was a pretext to satisfy, technically, but not honestly, the requirements of Colombia. But a subscription for even sixty million francs could not be obtained. Then a bright idea was conceived and executed:—

The swindlers who had looted the old company and who admitted an indebtedness of forty-three million francs, were

forced to subscribe for the stock of the new company, with the promise that the criminal and civil proceedings against them should be dropped. The liquidator took sixteen million francs from the cash on hand of the old company, and bought shares in the new company. Forty-three millions and sixteen millions made fifty-nine million francs, and one million francs ($200,000) only were what were called "free shares"—all taken by people who were interested in the canal. The swindlers were known in France as "penalized stockholders." Their shares were kept in the hands of the liquidator, not to be put on the market until the stock was full-paid. An assessment of 50 per cent. only was called; a further assessment of 25 per cent. was called in 1898; the last instalment of 25 per cent. was not called till after an American Syndicate had been formed, and this call was never used; it was re-distributed.

We have here presented as the New Panama Canal Company, a mere name, a skeleton without resources adequate for anything except a temporary expedient. The stockholders were self-confessed swindlers; that is to say, the new Panama Company was itself a fraud, without adequate resources, two-thirds of its stock was subscribed under duress, and most of its directors were either "penalized" stockholders or representatives of "penalized" banks.

The liquidator transferred all the assets of the Old Company to the New Company, for nothing, except a share in remote profits. This included the Panama railroad shares, which had cost the Company ninety million francs ($18,000,000). The agreement between the old and the new company was a fraud on its face. If the canal was built, the railroad would belong to the New Company for nothing; if it was not built, the New Company was to pay for it twenty million francs, or $4,000,000. That is, the *only* valuable asset was turned over to the New Company at less than 25 per cent. of its cost. The penalized stockholders could have sold out the next day and have recouped all their losses

out of this one asset alone. This same railroad, however, when turned over to the United States was, according to the published addresses of Mr. Shonts and Mr. Taft, little more than two streaks of rust, and of trifling value.

The American Syndicate.

In November, 1899, William Nelson Cromwell, attorney for both the Old and New Panama Companies, well known in New York as a promoter, and as connected with many railroad re-organizations and trust manipulations whereby watered stocks inundate the unwary purchaser, organized an American Syndicate of Wall Street bankers and speculators to take over the Panama interests. The syndicate agreement, dated November 21, 1899, provided for a fund of $5,000,000, but it is understood that only $3,000,000 was found necessary to be called. The agreement gave Mr. Cromwell absolute, unlimited and arbitrary power to do what he pleased, and no questions asked; it is an unique instrument.

We quote from this agreement, as set forth at page 1147, Senate Document No. 401 (1906):—

> "Mr. William Nelson Cromwell is *exclusively* empow-
> "ered under the formal agreement with the board of di-
> "rectors of the Compagnie Nouvelle du Canal de Panama
> "(New Panama Canal Company, of France) to effect with
> "an American syndicate the Americanization of the
> "Panama Canal Company under the following basis:—
> * * *
>
> "It is also recognized that the unique character of the
> "enterprise, the international interests involved, and the
> "special circumstance of the case, require that plenary
> "discretion and power be possessed by Mr. Cromwell to
> "effect the Americanization of the canal.
>
> "It is further understood and agreed that Mr. Crom-
> "well may proceed to negotiate, determine, and agree

"upon all plans, terms, agreements, conditions, questions, "and details which he may deem necessary and advisable "in respect of the purposes herein generally indicated, in- "cluding the terms and provisions of all trusts and agree- "ments which he may deem advisable to have established "or made." * * *

The syndicate subscription agreement provided for $5,000,- 000 only, and contained the following:—

"Referring to the foregoing plan, we, the undersigned, "each for himself and not for the other, in consideration "of $1, to each of us in hand paid by William Nelson "Cromwell, the receipt whereof is hereby acknowledged, "and of our mutual subscriptions, do hereby severally sub- "scribe for, and do agree with said William Nelson Crom- "well to purchase and from him to take * * *

"It is understood and agreed that this agreement shall "not be binding unless subscriptions be made and allotted "to the full amount of $5,000,000; and that, owing to the "special circumstances of the case, and in the interest of "all, Mr. Cromwell shall have the right and power to re- "ject or to reduce any subscription hereunder at any "time before final allotment by him."

A month later (see Senate Document 401, page 1178) the Panama Canal Co. of America was organized under the laws of the State of New Jersey, by clerks in Mr. Cromwell's office. This corporation was, later, abandoned when the American Government was induced to take over the enterprise. At first, Mr. Cromwell claimed, in a letter, that they wanted no govern- ment aid, but his very disclaimer was a transparent bid for government assistance, and that claim was soon abandoned and the United States was asked to take over the enterprise.

Probably no other member of the Syndicate took a direct and active part in the remarkable events that followed. This

Syndicate contained members, however, whose banking and political influences were as powerful in New York and Washington as were the penalized banks in Paris. They had their attorneys in the United States Senate and Cabinet. In short, Mr. Cromwell as autocrat of this Syndicate, and as agent of the Old and New Panama Companies, had behind him the greatest combination of wealth and political influence ever concentrated in one man.

Panama in Despair.

Let us now look at the condition of Panama affairs when Mr. Cromwell was clothed with these gigantic autocratic powers in 1900:

In the year 1898, during the Spanish War, the marvelous journey of the battleship Oregon around Cape Horn awakened the American people to a lively interest in an interoceanic canal. This project had been exploited for several centuries, but now it was taken up in earnest. The Government of the United States had spent millions of dollars in elaborate surveys of the Nicaragua route, and commission after commission of engineers had recommended it as preferable to the Panama route. It is a shorter route by about 800 miles between New York and San Francisco, and is largely by way of a beautiful river and lake, that would become one of the most fascinating tourist routes in the world; its fresh water would clear sea-going vessels of barnacles, and it would develop a wide area of beautiful and healthful country. The fevers and doldrums of Panama are unknown in Nicaragua and this cheaper route has no unsolved engineering problems that so sadly perplex the engineers of the Panama route.

In the early part of the year 1900, Panama affairs were in despair. The Old Company had been in the hands of a receiver for eleven years; stockholders and bondholders had almost forgotten their small holdings or had marked them off to profit and loss; the New Company had but 75 per cent. of its stock

paid in, and it could do no substantial work on the canal. Nicaragua only was mentioned. The people of America were so incensed at the story of Panama crime that its very name became a by-word and a hissing, and no man would be rash enough to suggest any route for the American Government except the Nicaraguan, and Nicaragua and Costa Rica were willing to give concessions in perpetuity, with grants of lands that would far more than repay the entire cost of construction, while the lands bordering the Panama Canal would always be of little value to any one. This public sentiment in the United States, and the Panama revelry in crime, so depressed all Panama securities, that it is fair to say that they had substantially no value at all. Everybody in France, too, was despondent; the very name of Panama would be met with a sneer; the revelations of incompetence and crime were multiplying, and the American Congress was spending millions in surveying the Nicaragua route; every conceivable disaster and disgrace at home and abroad tended to reduce the value of Panama securities.

The story of the Panama scandals was magnified. The American Syndicate and their Parisian allies were also "bearing" the market. The stock of the Old Company had long since ceased to be quoted—it was worthless, and its bonds were selling at about 3 per cent. of their par value. About $3,000,000 would have bought up the entire issues. Indeed, a Paris broker offered for sale in New York the entire interests of both Canal Companies for $6,500,000, but there were no takers. Knowledge of this fact was conveyed to President Roosevelt by letter, but this letter was acknowledged and *ignored*. It was written to the President by a well-known citizen of New York, and was dated September 9, 1903, —before our Panama revolution of November 3, 1903, and the Bill of Sale of the Canal of April 16, 1904.

The following quotation is taken from this letter to the President:—

"Just one word as to the price—$40,000,000. It may "interest you to know that about the year 1896 or 1897 I "was offered by a reputable broker of Paris, of good "standing, the control of the Old Panama Company, on "a basis of $6,500,000 for their entire property. I refused "to consider this offer, as I did not deem that route "worthy of consideration. The market quotations in "Paris for a number of years for the stock of the Panama "Company would indicate that the whole property was "regarded as of about that value. * * *

"I do not care to put in writing information that has "come to me in regard to the scandals relating to this "whole transaction, but if this project is carried out on "the lines now indicated, I am of the opinion that the "American Panama scandals will not be widely dissimi- "lar from the French ones which amazed and angered "France."

"What is the composition of this New Panama Canal "Company that has exercised such a weird and tremendous "influence and that to-day seems to have such power? It "is composed of Frenchmen and Americans. The Isth- "mian Canal Commission, which you appointed, states in "reference to the French subscribers as follows: 'The "scandals connected with the failure of the old company "have led to the prosecution and conviction of De Lesseps "and other prominent persons. Suits have been brought "against certain loan associations, administrators, con- "tractors and others who were supposed to have unduly "profited by the extravagances of the old company. A "series of compromises was made by these persons, by "which it was agreed that they should subscribe for stock "in the new company on condition that the suits be "dropped.'

"Who represent the American end of the new Panama

"Canal Company? They represent forces who have been "called through the years 'the enemies of the Canal.' "

The Year 1900.

The year 1900 was the psychological moment for the Syndicate, just organized. Word was sent to the "penalized banks," with their thousands of branches and correspondents in the various cities and hamlets of France, to pick up quietly the bonds of the Old Panama Company—to buy, not 100 at a time, but five or ten, that no suspicion might be aroused. Transactions on the Exchanges were slight. The quotations were, as already stated, almost nothing; 3 per cent. and under. The actual purchases from the peasantry of France were probably far below the quotations in Paris. Within a few months every bond, of which these numerous agencies could get knowledge, was picked up, and was held by the banks. For whose benefit they were held is an open secret in Paris. The stock of the Old Company was not purchased, as it had no value and was not quoted on the Exchange.

In other words, in the year 1900, a large proportion of the bonds of the Old Company was in the possession of the penalized banks—penalized for swindling this very Company. They had ceased to be the property of the peasantry. In this same year the liquidator was captured, and all parties and interests were under control—Mr. Cromwell *was* Panama. He represented all interests.

The stock of the New Company had never been, up to 1900, an asset; it was always a liability. An assessment or 25 per cent. remained unpaid. This stock, too, had never been quoted. Indeed, all the "penalized" stock was held by the liquidator of the Old Company for eight years, and no one would buy the few "free" shares because no one would be willing to pay the assessment still due.

Unloading on the United States.

The conspirators then proceeded to unload this enterprise on the American people for $40,000,000—a reasonable profit—compared with which the profits of those who were "let in" on "Amalgamated Copper" as shown by Mr. Lawson's articles, were trifling. The copper patriots bought for $39,000,000 and sold out *to intimate friends* for $75,000,000, a mere profit of 92 per cent. The Panama syndicate bought for about $3,000,000 and sold for $40,000,000, a profit of 1233 per cent. Mr. Rockefeller and Mr. Rogers are mere kindergartners. When old enough, they should go to school to Mr. Cromwell. This was a gross, not net, profit however; just how much of this, say $37,000,000, had to be distributed among Paris confederates and people, high and low in Washington, in order to create a proper public sentiment in the Senate, is unknown. But this much we do know, that a supplemental report of the engineers was obtained, recommending the Panama route, if it could be bought for $40,000,000.

How the price was fixed at forty millions, we do not understand. The commission determined that the amount of work already done was valued at twenty-one millions. Why the remaining nineteen millions were added, we do not know. They placed the railroad shares at $7,000,000; their cost to the new company was $4,000,000. Even the book value of all the Company's assets was only $29,000,000.

The only reason given for this recommendation was that its construction would be some five millions cheaper than the Nicaragua route. Nevertheless, Congress then passed a bill giving ten millions to the Colombian government and forty millions to the Panama Company providing Colombia should confirm the bargain with a proper treaty, otherwise, the only alternative allowed the President was to negotiate with Nicaragua and Costa Rica, whose good will was well known. This proviso in the bill was expected to be a club with which to coerce Colombia. It is evident that it had no other purpose,

and that it was the intent of the United States Senate from the very beginning to build the Panama Canal or nothing. Thirty-seven million dollars profit in sight could not be overlooked. You can fool the people, but you can't fool the Senate. They didn't want Nicaragua. It had no $40,000,000 to distribute "among the peasantry of France."

Instead of Panama being $5,000,000 cheaper than Nicaragua, the present estimates place it at about $150,000,000 dearer. To-morrow's estimates can only be guessed.

No one has ever yet accused William Nelson Cromwell of being a fool. He stands first among the shrewd promoters of the shrewdest city on earth. His clients, like Harriman and Morgan, have not the innocence of childhood. He was never known to pay two dollars for a one dollar dog. That he went to work, aided by what is known as the powerful "Huntington interests," to revolutionize public sentiment—not in the United States, but in the United States Senate—from purely altruisic motives, to assist the peasants of France, is beyond comprehension. You and I could easily have bought up all the interests of the Old and New Panama Canal Companies at that time, for, probably, three millions of dollars; he, with his Paris banking connections, probably paid less; yet that is the price at which Dame Rumor says that all, or substantially all, of the Panama interests of both companies, were purchased and concentrated in the hands of a few rich clients. The securities were worth no more, and if Mr. Cromwell paid more, he got cheated, and that is something of which we cannot conceive. Their value on the Exchanges of Paris is not a subject for dispute. It is a matter of record.

At first the Canal was offered to the United States for one hundred million dollars. It had cost the French peasantry at least 260 millions, but no one suggested that it had then any substantial value. The peasantry had been eliminated. The concessions were either lapsed or in dispute. The railroad had become substantially worthless; two streaks of rust across the

Isthmus, with rolling stock obsolete and deficient. The New Company had looked only to railroad dividends, not to repairs.

In January, 1902, an offer was finally made of forty millions of dollars. This was formally accepted in February, 1903, and nothing remained but to complete the details. This acceptance was made by a telegram of Mr. Knox, the Attorney General.

Only one obstacle remained in the way; this was the consent of Colombia, which Republic not only had a firm contract with the Panama Company that it would not sell to any nation, under penalty of forfeiture, but it was the absolute owner of the land, free and clear of any concession, as the Colombian Congress did not approve the scandalous proceeding by means of which a repudiated President had extended a lapsed concession after a refusal so to do by Congress.

The United States was in the conspiracy and under the control of the great bankers who composed the Wall Street Syndicate. The statement made in Congress, and diligently promulgated to the people, was that the forty millions would go to the peasantry of France. It was substantially admitted that the price was too high, and no one ever claimed that the Panama Company had anything to sell except an illegal concession, some worthless machinery, a run down railroad, and some excavation that was of doubtful utility under the new proposed construction of the canal.

The fact is that the American people were sold a gold brick. What they bought for forty million dollars was worthless junk, and instead of giving an alms to the peasantry of France, they enriched Mr. Cromwell and his Parisian and Wall Street Napoleons of Finance. *The peasantry of France never got a dollar.*

After the United States had contracted to buy the assets of the New Canal Company, for the fixed sum of $40,000,000, and before actual delivery, the Company sold more railroad bonds in its treasury, nominally to obtain money for repairs on the

ships owned by it; and increased the dividends (paid to itself) far beyond precedent, and far beyond the net earnings; so that when delivery was actually made, the railroad and other assets were reduced in value, the mortgage liens increased, and the United States had been defrauded by about $1,000,000. Nevertheless, Mr. Cromwell then turned up as attorney for the New Company, for an additional claim against the United States for $2,200,000 for alleged extra work done on the Canal, while this sweating process was going on.

Mr. Cromwell's Fall and Rise.

In 1901, Mr. Cromwell's career, like the course of true love, did not run smoothly. The New Company was still pretending to be a Company of Construction. Its President, M. Hutin, honestly believed in it, and, observing the conduct of Mr. Cromwell, dismissed him as attorney on the ground that he "had every reason to believe that he was not acting faith-"fully towards the Company, but that he was favoring other in-"terests prejudicial to that enterprise." However, Mr. Cromwell was in absolute and undisputed, though secret, control through the "penalized" Board of Directors. M. Hutin was forced to resign in December, 1901; Mr. Cromwell was immediately re-appointed attorney and M. Bo, director of the "penalized" Credit Lyonnais, was elected President. From this moment Mr. Cromwell had smooth sailing in France, and within a few days the telegraphic offer of $40,000,000 was made to the United States. From this time on Mr. Cromwell and his Syndicate of Wall Street gamblers, not only owned the liquidator of the Old Company and the penalized directors of the penalized New Company, but they also controlled the United States Navy and the policy of the United States administration, which had entered into the conspiracy that swindled the Republic of Colombia and the peasantry of France, for the benefit of Mr. Cromwell's clients.

Revolutions to Order.

Confronted by the refusal of Colombia to endorse the transfer of the Old Panama concession to the United States, there was nothing to do except to create a revolution. *This was done within four days after the Colombian Congress had adjourned without confirming the Hay-Herran treaty.* A revolution had been created before and a hundred thousand lives lost for no other purpose than to get an extension of the Panama concession. They were now past masters in the Art of Revolutions. In order to consummate their wishes, other methods must be planned, but this new revolution could be carried out only by the assistance of the American Navy. The method by which this was accomplished is too recent to need explanation. It was absolutely unwarranted by the laws of nations; no one will pretend to defend it on any principles of law or justice, the Ten Commandments, the Sermon on the Mount, International Law or the Constitution or laws of the United States. We violated both the laws of God and of man, and expressly violated our treaty made with Colombia in 1846.

The American people, without knowledge of the facts, simply said "Colombia is greedy and wants to defraud 'the "peasantry of France'." When reading the comedy of "Panama," their consciences were dulled by national pride and ambition; they did not understand this tragic comedy among nations, where the officials of the greatest nation in the world organized a revolution in advance, and sent its navy into the territory to repel an invasion in a war not yet existing.

The revolution did not occur until about 6 o'clock p. m. on November 3rd, a few hours late, and Washington cabled to know what had become of it; had it been lost? At 3:40 o'clock P. M. on November 3, 1903, the Assistant Secretary of State cabled to the United States Consul at Panama, as follows: "We are informed there has been an uprising on the Isthmus. Keep the Department informed of everything without delay," to

which the Consul replied: "Uprising has not occurred yet; it is announced that it will take place this evening." On November 2nd the Nashville reached Colon, and on the same day the following dispatch was sent to the Nashville, the Boston and the Dixie: "Prevent landing of any armed forces with hostile "intent at any point within fifty miles of Panama. Govern- "ment forces reported approaching the isthmus in vessels. Pre- "vent landing, if in your judgment landing would precipitate "conflict." That dispatch alone is enough for any sane jury. *Before the revolution was started* our navy was instructed to prevent Colombia from crushing it, with troops then approaching, or thereafter.

On November 3, General Tobal arrived at Colon with about five hundred troops in the steamship Cartagena, "within fifty miles of Panama." He was denied the privilege of going to Panama on the railroad, with troops. He and his staff went alone. On arriving at Panama, they were arrested. That was the revolution. Colonel Estovan Huertes, of the Panama battalion, who arrested his general, has since been paid $50,000 by the Congress of Panama, for that heroic act, and General Tobal was given $8,000 by the Panama Railroad for the privilege of being put in arrest. He and his troops were immediately sent home. Truly a remarkable revolution! And the money that paid the price of perfidy ultimately came from the ten millions paid to Panama by the United States.

The Nashville alone, with her great guns, could destroy any Colombian force that could be landed at Colon. Indeed, in ten minutes she could destroy the city itself. When General Tobal was prevented from taking his troops to Panama, he knew that the full strength of the great American republic was against him, and that resistance was useless. His only safety lay in going quietly home and thus preventing the Nashville from amusing itself with target practice.

That order from the Navy Department in Washington to the Nashville, on November 2, was an act of war, unauthor-

ized by Congress, which alone can declare war. What did the President care for the Constitution, treaties, or laws of God and man; the syndicate wanted that thirty-seven millions. If the commander of the Nashville, in carrying out these illegal orders, had killed a man, that act would have been murder, and the Department's order to the commander would have been no defense. (Little *vs.* Barrene, 2 Cranch, 6 U. S., 170; U. S. *vs.* Buchanan, 8 How, 49 U. S., 83, 10). Just think of our President ordering the Nashville to prevent England from landing troops within fifty miles of Bermuda, just because he had cast greedy eyes on its succulent onions.

In less than forty-eight hours after this peaceful revolution, we acknowledged the belligerency of the Panamans. At that time there were no Panama belligerents, no army, no general, no corporal, no private, no flag. In ten days we acknowledged the independenec of the Panama Republic—before there had been any convention of the people, any Congress, even any Committee appointed, or any action on their part to determine whether the Government should be a Republic or a despotism. In fifteen days we had negotiated and signed a treaty with this new power—before any King, any President, any Congress or any Parliament had been chosen. The whole proceeding is a transparent farce and the few alleged revolutionists are still quarreling over the distribution of the $10,000,000. There will be no quarreling in France over the distribution of the $40,000,000, for the American syndicate will not permit any guilty dollar to escape, no matter in whose name the Panama obligations may nominally be held. This Panama revolution will come back to haunt us, like Banquo's ghost, in years to come, and the only excuse that we can have for transparent violations of international law and our solemn treaty obligations, preventing Colombia from landing troops within fifty miles of her own province, will be that an American syndicate and their political partners in Washington were urgently in need of forty million dollars.

The Treaty of 1846.

One order sent out by the Secretary of the Navy on November 9 seems to have been overlooked: "Upon the arrival of the Marblehead, sufficient force must be sent * * * to prevent the landing of men with hostile intent within the limits of the State of Panama," and on November 11 Secretary Hay telegraphed Minister Beaupre at Bogota: "It is not thought desirable to permit landing of Colombian troops on the Isthmus, as such a course would precipitate civil war and disturb for an indefinite period the free transit which we are pledged to protect."

This was a bare-faced order to the Colombian Government not to attempt to reconquer a rebelling province, or to land troops anywhere within an area as large as the State of Indiana. Mr. Hay had evidently overlooked Mr. Seward's letter to our Minister at Bogota, dated April 30, 1866:

> "The United States desires nothing else, nothing better, "and nothing more in regard to the State of Colombia than "the enjoyment on their part of complete and absolute "sovereignty and independence. *If those great interests "shall ever be assailed by any power* AT HOME *or abroad, "the United States will be ready, co-operating with the "Government and their ally, to maintain and defend them."*

Mr. Roosevelt seems not only to have overlooked that part of the treaty of 1846 which guarantees to New Grenada (now Colombia) the "rights and property which New Grenada has and possesses over the said territory," but also section 4, which provides that "if any one or more of the citizens of either party shall infringe any of the articles of this treaty, such citizen shall be held personally responsible for the same, and the harmony and good correspondence between the two nations shall not be interrupted thereby; *each party engaging in no way to protect the offender, or sanction such violation.*"

In other words, the President and Secretary Hay ran rough-shod through this treaty, simply because Colombia was weak and we were strong, and Colombia had property that she was not willing to sell to us at the price offered.

Besides, the pretext that the guaranty of the neutrality of the Isthmus by the United States was equivalent to preventing the Colombian Government from reconquering a rebellious province is an insult to judgment. Under the treaty of 1846, the United States guaranteed the possession of the Isthmus to Colombia, not to any rebels, and it was the duty of Colombia, not the United States, to keep the traffic unobstructed. Whatever excuses we may advance for our treatment of Colombia, our action was that of a bully who despoils a small boy of his apple because his price does not suit.

Bunau-Varilla.

A distinctive figure in this tragic comedy is M. Bunau-Varilla, Mr. Cromwell's most active lieutenant in Paris. Maurice Jules Varillat was born in 1856, the son of a small merchant. Having become a broker and having aristocratic aspirations, he changed his name on June 4, 1884, by a court order, to Bunau-Varilla. He had a brother who was an engineer on the canal. The young Napoleon got "next to" Baron Jacques de Reinach, the Canal Corruptionist. A German and a Frenchman had been doing some honest canal contracting in a small way. They took the Bunau-Varilla brothers into a small corporation. Immediately, the contracts of this new company were raised enormously in amount, and padded in price. It was the usual swindle, and Bunau-Varilla made a quick fortune. When the crash came, and the light was let in on the scandals by a parliamentary enquiry, the broker fled to London. Seeing criminal prosecutions staring him in the face, he pursued the usual course:

He bought a controlling interest in a daily journal, "Le Matin," for the express purpose of making himself so power-

ful politically that no one would dare to attack him criminally. The newspapers of Paris control the government.

The swindling character of his operations, as set forth in the published reports to the French Parliament, were not denied. He simply bluffed it out, and finally came home, when prosecutions against him were dropped upon his becoming a "penalized" stockholder in the New Company, in the amount of 11,000 shares. To quote from a very recent book entitled "Bluff for the purpose of Blackmail," describing exploits of "Le Matin," the writer says:

"On the day when France was in mourning for its four-"teen hundred millions, when there were thousands of wrecked "fortunes and suicides, Maurice Bunau-Varilla was able again "to divide with his patriotic associates, the German and the "deserter, the last balance of a dozen millions. He had not "attained the proprietorship of 'Le Matin' to become a public "benefactor."

He came to New York and Washington on his way to Panama, as director of a personally conducted revolution, and becomes the Panama Minister to Washington to negotiate a treaty on behalf of the new nation before it had a Congress, an Executive, army, or flag. No wonder that the treaty was speedy, when Mr. Cromwell's lieutenant in the Cabinet was on one side and Mr. Cromwell's lieutenant among his swindling French clients—although a French subject—represented Panama. No wonder that the day following the payment of $40,000,000 to J. P. Morgan & Co., on May 4, 1904, J. P. Morgan & Co. gave a check to the order of Maurice Bunau-Varilla for 510,000 francs.

The Concessions.

The treatment of Colombia by the New Panama Company and the Republics of France and the United States has been dishonest and brutal. The first concessions, 1878-1890, and the temporary concession to 1894, were negotiated by Mr.

Bonaparte Wyse, the original concessionaire, and were honest. He was an enthusiastic believer in the canal, a man of substance and many honors. In the same connection must be mentioned the name of M. Maurice Hutin, the President of the New Panama Company from 1897 to 1901. These two men, honored by all, stand out in marked contrast with the dark background of French and American corruption

The concession from 1894 to 1904 was obtained under false and fraudulent pretences in that the New Company promised to deliver 50,000 shares of its stock in part consideration for this extension, but did not do so. On one pretext or another, these shares were retained by the Company, the Republic of France even, at one time, claiming a lien on them for taxes, exceeding the par value of the stock. After some years the new Republic of Panama claimed them.

Long after the distribution of most of the money obtained from the United States, to wit, on December 23, 1907, the Republics of Panama and France gave way and a sop was thrown to Colombia by a nominal delivery of this stock and payment of its distributive share, after France had deducted over a million and a half of francs (more than 22 per cent.) as a tax. The whole proceeding was disgraceful, and a final settlement was had only after Colombia had been hopelessly dispoiled of its territory and its new President had transparently become an ally of the abhorrent forces that had plundered it.

In 1899, a further extension from 1904 to 1910 was sought but the Colombian Congress refused to pass the bill for the extension. The reasons for this were emphatic:

The stock to be given in part payment for the last concession had not been delivered. Only 75 per cent. of the trifling capital of the New Company had been paid in. The Company was notoriously controlled by confessed swindlers, had no means of building the canal, and was a mere name or skeleton devised to preserve the concession for purely speculative purposes.

Of course, the Colombian Congress defeated the bill.

Of course, the French adventurers obtained by bribery a so-called extension from the President, which everybody knew to be worthless, and the transparent, conflicting pretexts for this ridiculous concession are unworthy of a moment's consideration.

This extension was granted by President Sanclemente on the pretext that the country was in a "state of siege" in 1900, —a siege promulgated by himself—and, therefore, he was warranted in making an extension to the canal concession from 1904 to 1910. That is to say: Exercising an alleged "emergency" power, the President, in 1900, extended a concession for six years that did not terminate till four years after the "emergency." A revolution soon cut short his career of bribery, and his term of four years finished at the end of the second year. This canal extension was the cause of his being deposed. The Colombian Congress had already repudiated him. By the aid of the American Navy, Marroquin was made President.

The original concession, several times specifically ratified, contained a clause which prohibited the Panama Company from selling out to any government. That clause could be abrogated only by the Colombian Congress, and such abrogation was contained in the Hay-Herran treaty, but the Colombian Congress refused to ratify that treaty which had been advocated by its revolutionary president. The Paris and Washington swindlers of Colombia said that the little republic was greedy and wanted more money, but no amendment to the treaty suggested at Bogota related to finance. The objection was a constitutional one that Colombia had no right to transfer the absolute sovereignty of its soil.

The attitude of the United States in its threatening correspondence preceding the rejection of this treaty is disgraceful and brutal. The American Minister practically told the government that unless the treaty was ratified, war would follow. Three days after the Columbian Congress had adjourned

without confirming the treaty, the Nashville arrived at Colon and next day the Panama Revolution had started and ended. The Pooh Bah of Panama, having behind him the powerful banking influences of Paris and New York, which were in absolute control of the authorities at Washington, fomented a revolution, the effect of which was to violate our treaties with Colombia and rob a sister republic of her territory in a way that would have disgraced ancient Carthage, and has made us not only feared but hated in all of the Latin-American countries. The great American republic that had boastingly enunciated the Monroe Doctrine for the protection of its weaker sisters, was now found to be the most brutal of masters.

Colombia having exercised its rights as an independent power, and the plans of the French swindlers and the American Syndicate having been, apparently, frustrated, the United States officials entered into a conspiracy with Bunau-Varilla and the other penalized stockholders of France, to rob Colombia of her territory, and thus completely to abrogate the clause in the concession of 1878, which prevented an assignment to any foreign government.

The Panama Revolution was a conspiracy that was not hatched at the Waldorf-Astoria. Mr. Amador, the future President, and Mr. Cromwell, after their conference at the Waldorf, went to Washington, there culminated an arrangement whereby the American Navy and Marines should support a revolution, then unhatched, and prevent Colombia from retaking her own revolting territory, in violation of all international law and rules of common honesty and ethics. $100,000 is said to have been advanced to Amador to "finance" this prospective revolt.

Net Results.

What was the net result of this gigantic Panama swindle that has left in its trail two revolutions, hundreds of deaths,

thousands of financial wrecks and suicides, to say nothing of the wrecks of reputations of individuals, banks and nations among those peoples who would like to look with respect upon republics?

First, about one million of the Peasantry of France were induced to put their savings into an enterprise under false representations amounting to larceny. The richest and most influential statesmen, contractors, newspaper men and banks of France entered into a conspiracy to defraud their own fellow citizens. In France as in America, the great criminals of to-day are the representatives of banks, railroads and the insurance companies—the Predatory Rich.

When public indignation was too violent to be appeased, the criminals were pursued and punished in part, but the punishment was remitted on the pretext of the necessity of a new corporation that should preserve the concessions from Colombia. These Napoleons of Cunning immediately proceeded to turn disaster into profit with the following results: small stockholders, holding 300 millions of francs of stock in the Old Company, met with total loss; more than a hundred millions of francs of the bonds were also a total loss, being forfeited, not having been turned into the liquidator during the six months—June 14,—December 14, 1904, as required.

As soon as the $40,000,000 was paid over, all bondholders were required to present their bonds to the liquidator within six months. About 228,000 were presented and about 100,000 were forfeited for non-presentment and were, like the stock, a total loss. Nearly all of the 228,000 bonds, payable to bearer, were turned in by the penalized banks. The Credit Lyonnais and the Societe Generale alone presented more than one-half. To whom these bonds belonged is an open secret.

The remaining bonded obligations of the Old Company received 11 per cent. of their holdings, exclusive of interest, but these holdings were nearly all held by the banks, having been bought from the original owners at about 3 per cent. of their

par value. That was their market value. The culprits who were forced to become stockholders in the New Panama Company, or go to jail, have been given *a dividend of 129 per cent.*, which went to the present owners of the stock. Who they are is an open secret in Paris.

As soon as the $40,000,000 was firmly in hand, the conspirators proceeded to divide the booty. The liquidator on one side and the penalized board of the penalized company, on the other, under the guidance of their American Mercury, their joint patron divinity, appointed arbitrators to determine the shares of each, with the result that $25,000,000 was apportioned to the Old Company, giving its bondholders 11 per cent., and $15,000,000 to the New Company, giving its stockholders 129 per cent.—not a bad investment on "fines." America should invent some law whereby all swindlers should not be imprisoned, but be fined with investments at 129 per cent. profit. America should be up to date.

The Panama Canal purchase at forty millions was known to be an extravagant figure, but it was stated in the halls of Congress that it went to the Peasantry of France who were innocent victims. Those statements were not true. The actual value of the assets was practically nothing. Its railroad had to be substantially renewed; its concession was transparently void; its alleged material assets were junk. America's forty millions did not go to the Peasantry of France; it went to swindlers and speculators, and the Napoleon of Finance who conceived the plan and who engineered it throughout and brought it to a successful culmination, now openly boasts that he will be rewarded with a Cabinet portfolio.

Congress has already appropriated $195,000,000 to the canal, nearly all of which has been spent, with untold millions yet to be expended in the construction of a canal at a point where many engineers think a permanent canal physically impossible.

America has bought a rat hole into which its millions will

be poured indefinitely. The income from the canal, if ever completed, would be but a trifling return on the enormous investment, and its principal benefits will accrue to those foreign nations which monopolize the carrying trade of the world.

But America's greatest loss is a loss of self-respect, and the confidence and affection of her sister republics, in having become a partner in the greatest swindle of the nineteenth and twentieth centuries, and, while claiming to be the protector and "the great and good friend" of our weaker neighbors, being willing to turn oppressor the moment one of them stood up for its rights.

"State of New York,
"Executive Chamber,

"Albany, March 8, 1899.

"Col. Alexander S. Bacon, 36 Wall Street, New York City:

"My dear Col. Bacon:—I have just read your piece in the *Forum*. I would give a great deal if every blessed member of the Cabinet and every Senator and Congressman could be compelled to learn it by heart and then forced to apply what it taught.

With warm regards, believe me, faithfully yours,

"Theodore Roosevelt."

[If words were deeds and theories, practice, history, how different.]

II.

IS OUR ARMY DEGENERATE?

(The Forum, March, 1899.)

The late Spanish-American war has demonstrated beyond controversy the efficiency of our navy. The naval battles of Manila and Santiago have astonished, not to say startled, Continental Europe, as did Marengo and Austerlitz. The United States has leaped suddenly, like a fullgrown giant, into the arena of European politics, and is recognized at once as the most resourceful military Power in the world.

The American navy has surprised the world by its superb discipline, accurate markmanship, mechanical perfection, and strategic skill. The student of the art of war will analyze the

manœuvres of Dewey at Manila, and find them thoroughly scientific. The Admiral displayed energy, audacity, and skill, —the salient features of leadership in war.

The naval orders governing the blockade of the rat-trap at Santiago were strategically correct and were executed without error. After weeks of weary, fruitless watching, the enemy sought to escape at the moment when it was hoped the blockaders would be unprepared; but *within two minutes* the battle was on with terrific frenzy, and *in twenty minutes* one of the most decisive naval engagements of history was practically won.

During the Civil War our naval operations were useful models for study; and new models in naval architecture were developed that have revolutionized warfare on the sea. Since then our navy seems to have kept pace with the modern inventions of this inventive century; and all its forces—ships, officers, and men—are thoroughly up to date, constituting, probably, the most highly organized and scientific naval establishment in the world.

Is this development the evolution of chance? The United States Naval Academy at Annapolis was established in 1845, and has graduated the most highly educated corps of naval specialists in the world. Substantially all of the officers of our navy are graduates of the Academy (all but about a dozen out of 774 line officers on January 1, 1898); all are students; all are men who have devoted a lifetime of systematic study to the theory as well as the practice of their profession. In the Naval Academy is found the secret of our recent victories.

On the other hand, what do we find in the history of our army? The war of 1812 started out with the disgraceful retreat and surrender of Gen. Hull, followed by the defeat at Queenstown, during which battle the New York militia arrived at the Niagara frontier and refused to go to the rescue of their brothers in distress, in plain sight across the river, because it was "unconstitutional" to order them out of the State.

The crowning humiliation was found in the capture of our capital and the burning of our public buildings by only 3,500 English regulars, who landed on the Lower Potomac, and were confronted by 7,000 American militia who ran away as fast as their legs could carry them the moment they caught sight of the red coats of the enemy.

The Mexican War was conducted without scandal, and was really fought by the regulars, who, while numbering but 27 per cent. of the troops engaged, suffered 60 per cent. of the losses. Gen. Scott said:

> "I give it as my fixed opinion that, but for our graduated cadets, the war between the United States and Mexico might, and probably would, have lasted some four or five years, with, in its first half, more defeats than victories falling to our share; whereas, in less than two campaigns, we conquered a great country and a peace without the loss of a single battle or skirmish."

The early days of the Civil War developed some mistakes; but they were the mistakes of ignorant levies and of junior officers. The country was poor in munitions of war; and, in the North, military spirit lay dormant. The poor sheep that were pushed off the field in the first battle of Bull Run scarcely knew the dangerous end of a gun. They did know that the butt end was dangerous because it kicked them: but the muzzle was comparatively harmless; for they could hit nothing they aimed at. The junior officers scarcely knew "Fours right about!" from a double somersault. But the "poor sheep" of '61 became, under efficient leadership, the heroes of '62. Our recruits flocked to the Potomac frontier, but were sent back until our agents could scour Europe for old, rusty muskets for which we paid exorbitant prices; yet the general officers on both sides displayed skill, and soon brought order out of chaos. The Commissary and Quartermaster's departments were conducted without scandal. It took some time to teach the Yankee

how to ride a horse; but what magnificent cavalry followed at the heels of young "Phil" Sheridan in 1864!

The Civil War had scientific leaders pitted against scientific leaders; and raw levies rapidly developed into hardened veterans. The South, with fewer resources, but with the great advantage of the defensive, fought like tigers and died like heroes, till, leadership being equal, the God of Battles placed the wreath of victory on the banners of the heaviest battalions. Skilful leaders make skilful troops; and we have the authority of Gen. Grant for saying that the seasoned veterans that passed in the last review before President Johnson at Washington in 1865 were the best troops the world ever saw. For there are no soldiers like patriotic, intelligent, and educated soldiers of experience. If Napoleon Bonaparte could have had one army corps like them at Waterloo, where his soldiers were schoolboys, and his marshalls "small change,"—well, all Europe might have been France to-day. But he could not have them. That kind of flower does not bloom under monarchies. It takes the rich soil of liberty and the hot sun of national necessity to develop such intelligent, enthusiastic, and unselfish patriotism.

Sir Archibald Alison, in his "History of Europe," after commenting upon the worthless character of our raw troops, and the magnificent fighting-material that they developed when instructed and disciplined, advises Great Britain, in the event of another war with the United States, to throw suddenly a large force into our great seaports, and, by a succession of quick, stunning blows, to humiliate the Americans, and make them sue for peace before they have time to prepare for war. England's control of the ocean greyhounds would enable her to carry out this programme; and our experience in the Spanish War indicates how serious might have been our position had we confronted a well-fed and well-organized foe.

We have no criticism for the army of '61-'65. The leaders were young, vigorous, and highly educated military specialists.

The raw material for troops was the very best; and its rapid development into a superb army did credit to the skill of the senior officers and to the intelligence of the field and line. The material at hand was the crudest possible. It is doubtful if there were a hundred men in the North, outside of the army, who could command a battalion; and but few more were competent to command a company.

In 1861 the United States was comparatively a nation of farmers, without diversified industries. We had few factories, little commerce, and less credit; plenty of men and plenty of food, but no munitions of war, no guns, no uniforms; enough excellent material for generals, but practically no drill-masters. What a change in 1899! We are to-day the richest nation of the world, with money and credit to spare. According to Mulhall's "Dictionary of Statistics," the wealth of the United States in 1890 was sixty-five billions of dollars; of Great Britain, forty-five billions; of France, forty-one; and of Germany, thirty-four. Our riches are beyond even our own comprehension. Our diversified industries could supply the world. Existing plants, working night and day, could, in four hundred days, furnish all the armies of Europe, active and reserve, with rifles of the highest grade. We could feed them by cultivating our waste places and fence corners. We could furnish them with uniforms when alive and with coffins when dead. We have thousands of well-drilled National Guardsmen,—counting active members and veterans,—hundreds of men competent to command battalions, and thousands competent to drill volunteers. North and South stand shoulder to shoulder without jealousy, inspired by patriotic emulation. The North is to-day as military as the South ever was; and our young men are willing to sacrifice everything to satisfy their thirst for military glory. The military spirit is in the air.

And yet, in the war of 1898 our army developed little but scandal. With overflowing granaries, from which we freely

fed strangers in distress, our soldiers often lacked food; with skilful physicians and abundant remedies, our sick heroes died without medicine; and all the time food and drugs in plenty were stored in ships riding at anchor in plain sight on a smooth sea. We have highly educated military specialists in abundance,—young, energetic, ambitious, already famous in military literature,—yet our one prominent campaign was conducted without system on the go-as-you-please plan, and the one prominent land battle was fought and won by colonels and captains. I am aware that interested persons will deny the truth of some of these statements; but knowledge gained in the practice of my profession permits me to allege them with confidence.

What is the matter? Why are there no talented leaders like those of '65? The problem of '61 is reversed. Then, inexperienced subalterns and men were at fault; now, company officers and men take the bits in their mouths, and, in spite of their general, gain glory at San Juan and El Caney. *Is our army degenerate?*

My first answer to this question must be "Yes," because the most important part of an army is its general—not its generals, nor its Strategy Board; for no army was ever large enough or small enough to be commanded by two men.

The United States is the most resourceful military Power on earth. The military strength of a nation consists of (1) its natural resources, (2) its disciplined battalions, (3) its corps of military specialists for the line and staff departments, and (4) the genius of the one man that commands them all. The last is far more important than all the rest combined; for history has demonstrated beyond controversy that if a reasonable opportunity be presented he will create the other three.

(1) The natural military resources of a nation consist of its fighting-material of intelligent and patriotic men, its abundance of food, wool, and iron,—all gifts of God,—and its manufac-

tories of iron, wool, and explosives, which are all the result of its own good economic sense.

To-day the United States has the best natural military resources of any two nations of the world. A crisis would probably put from eight to ten millions of intelligent bayonets in the field (it would, of course, take years of discipline to make real soldiers of them); and within our own borders are food, wool, and iron in abundance, and factories to convert them into materials of war.

(2) With regard to the second element of strength, well-disciplined battalions, we are as poorly equipped as any second-rate nation of the globe. Our regular army is superb, but too small to be noticed. Our National Guard, in some States, is excellent; in others, poor. In nearly all of them it is controlled by politics, not by the rules of war. Its marked weakness is in its higher officers, many of whom have never dreamed of any military literature other than the drill regulations, and consider that military organization the best which presents the most gorgeous appearance on a Decoration Day parade, and receives the most applause from children and nurses. The National Guard gives us, however, an enormous advantage over our condition in '61, in that so large a proportion of its officers and men are competent to drill volunteers and to become excellent subaltern officers. National Guardsmen have, as a rule, considerable preliminary military knowledge, but little discipline, which latter is a growth, and cannot be acquired suddenly. Discipline consists in obeying orders without thinking, automatically as from a confirmed habit; like character, it takes time for development.

(3) In relation to the third military resource, a corps of highly educated military specialists, the United States is admitted to have the finest in the world in the graduates of its Military Academy. No other nation has any institution that pretends to rival our national school.

(4) The fourth military resource, a military genius for a

commander, can only be developed by emergencies. "The poet is born, not made"; but great generals are both born and made. It takes years of conscientious study to develop a born military genius into even a fair general. They are never developed except from among educated military specialists. This new American race, this race of inventors, is not wanting in military geniuses from which to choose a competent commander, as will hereinafter appear.

It will be noticed that I have given to the United States the very first rank as a military nation in all respects except disciplined battalions. Natural military resources mean nothing unless battalions are disciplined; for undisciplined men are mere mobs, a source of weakness, not strength. Natural military resources and well-disciplined battalions combined mean very little unless there are higher educated officers to command the larger subdivisions of the army and in the staff departments. And no matter how great the military resources, how abundant the well-disciplined battalions, how numerous the military specialists in the sevaral staff departments, they will all be as children in the hands of a giant, like Rome's half-million of stalwart sons in the presence of a Hannibal, if our armies be outgeneralled.

I am aware that most people will resent the idea that *one man* can be of more importance to his country than all its other resources combined; but most people do not know that there *is* such a thing as a Science of War,—the most important and most difficult of all sciences, a science that not only has its own specialties in strategy and tactics, logistics and military engineering, but utilizes and subordinates all other known sciences. The history of the world emphasizes the "one man" idea.

The fate of war does not always depend upon the weight or discipline of a nation's battalions. It as often depends upon the genius and learning of one man; and I wish to emphasize and illustrate this "one man" idea,—the fact that one

highly educated military specialist is often of far greater value to his country than disciplined armies. Space does not permit me even to mention the names of the greatest generals, all of whom were literary and scientific soldiers, whose biographies are largely the history of the world, and whose victories were the triumphs of individual geniuses. A single illustration must suffice.

The troops of Carthage were mercenaries, and never equalled the free legionaries of Rome; and yet Hannibal, with only 26,000 of these hirelings, accomplished what was considered impossible, in crossing the Alps from Spain. He destroyed three large Roman armies in succession at the Trebia, Lake Trasimenus, and Cannæ. Hannibal's science triumphed over Roman brute force and discipline. For half a generation he kept Rome on the brink of ruin and despair, and so intimidated the haughty, all-conquering Romans, that, for years, with hundreds of thousands of well-fed, well-armed, and well-disciplined troops in the field, they never dared to attack the ragged, half-starved, heterogeneous hirelings of Hannibal, but endeavored to wear him out in a guerilla warfare in front of their own capital. Like a pack of bloodhounds around a bear at bay, they dared not risk a final struggle. Rome possessed half a million of the best troops in the world; but her only idea of war was to march out and fight a battle. By numbers, courage, discipline, and hard knocks, she had won battles and conquered nations, until a military genius appeared and overcame her with a handful of ragamuffins. Hannibal taught Rome that war is a science, that intellect can conquer brute force, and that one man educated in the science of war is of more value to the state than many legions of good soldiers without scientific leadership. It was the physical, mental, and moral qualities of one man that humiliated Rome.

With an incompetent leader, the best troops are helpless. When a campaign goes wrong, it is one man that is to blame,

if he has been given all the powers that rightfully belong to a commander.

Let us note in passing that all the greatest soldiers have been young men. "Old men for counsel, young men for war." Alexander's active military career began at 18 and ended at 33; Hannibal's extended from 13 to 47; Cæsar's, 40 to 55; Gustavus', 16 to 38; Frederick's, 28 to 51; Napoleon's, 27 to 46. Cæsar was a subaltern at 20, and served in several campaigns before his active military career began. Every prominent general of the Civil War, I think, was in 1861 under 45 years of age, excepting Gen. Lee, who was 54. I know of no major-general in the recent Spanish War who was under 60 years of age.

The first axiom of war is "Action, ACTION, ACTION!" I have no recollection of any great general in an active campaign who was over 60. The indefatigable Frederick fought what he called a war, extending over a year, when he was 66; but it contained nothing but vexatious delays, no battles, and a treaty, How different from the Frederick of 28!

Napoleon was an old man at forty, when his downward career began. His was a short-lived race, he having lost five ancestors within a century. His father died at 38 of the same disease as his illustrious son. Napoleon once said of himself, when he was thirty-five, "One has but a certain time for war. I shall be good for it but six years more: then even I shall have to stop." His words were apparently prophetic; for at about that time his star of success began to wane. The physical endurance of a military genius had gone. It is simply suicidal to place the command of active armies in the hands of an old man. Yet the new Army Bill, as proposed, would permit the appointment of civilians up to fifty years of age.

Every great general must have the body, spirit, and brain of a great soldier. A general should be sound in body. All great generals have displayed marvellous physical endurance. Many interesting examples might be cited. At forty Napoleon

Bonaparte had grown fat and lethargic. His brain never dimmed; but the body and spirit of a leader had departed. Had he retained at Waterloo the thin, wiry body of '96, he might have prevailed.

Every commanding general should have the spirit of a hero,—that indefinable something which inspires his men with his own enthusiasm. An icicle has no place at the head of an army; for enthusiasm is worth more than rifles. Witness the patriotic Japanese marching rough-shod over the numberless battalions of phlegmatic China.

Last, and most important of all, every general should have educated brains. Natural genius is not enough. War is both an art and science. Every great general of history has been an educated soldier and a military specialist. Especially in these modern times, theory and practice must go hand in hand; and years of ardent study are none too long to fit a "born genius" for active service. No one would think of putting a "born mechanic" in charge of the intricate engines of a battleship, even though he were a tireless stump speaker, unless he were an educated engineer. Yet naval engineering may be taught in a year or two; while it takes a lifetime of study to acquire the "military habit" and to be competent to exercise an independent command. To appoint an inexperienced "natural born genius" (*i. e.,* a politician, or his son) to command a battleship or a regiment is to be guilty as accessory to wholesale murder. I say *regiment;* for by the term "general" we must include whoever is called upon to exercise an independent command. While any officer may, a colonel of a regiment is expected to, find himself in that responsible position in frequent emergencies. Therefore, he should possess all the knowledge necessary to keep his command in health, strength, and good nature, to move it with celerity, and to fight it with confidence; and to his technical knowledge must be added tact and that force of character which commands respect and inspires enthusiasm in his troops.

Before finally answering the question "Is our army degenerate?" let me give a further illustration. The great cathedrals of Europe were centuries in building. Generations of master-masons chiselled the stones faultlessly, fathers teaching their sons. But when a new cathedral was projected, no stone-mason, even though he had excelled at his art for fifty years, was selected to draw the plans: an architect was chosen who had spent his time in school studying theories. So in war, experience in subaltern positions does not fit an officer for independent command. He is but a stone-mason, not an architect; and architects in war must have wide learning in science, literature, and art. If a stone-mason becomes an architect, it is in spite of his trade, not by reason of it.

What was the trouble in the Spanish War? Its leaders were stone-masons, some of them of long service; but they were not educated architects. After the Civil War the most active and ambitious officers returned to civil life and won fresh laurels. Others, if they had sufficient political influence, received commissions in the regular service; and for thirty-three years they drew their pay and *breathed,* and gained rank by merely living, until, in 1898, they were at the heads of armies and departments. Had the Spanish War become serious, all of these old men would have dropped out as suddenly as did the veterans of '45 after the first battle of Bull Run. Toward the close of the Civil War, after the nation had had the discipline of defeat, every commander of an army and of a department was a graduate of the Military Academy; and the war was conducted by the general commanding in the field, not by politicians in Washington presuming to know more about war by intuition than their generals did by education and experience combined.

In 1866 the army was reorganized on a peace footing; and we learn from the "Army Register" of January 1, 1867, that out of 2,367 general, field, and line officers of the regular army only 408, or 17 per cent., were graduates of the Military Aca-

demy. And even this small percentage included more than 100 cadets graduated in 1865 and 1866, after the war was over. The civilian spirit dominated; and regiments were so subdivided, and companies so scattered, that commanding officers could exert but little personal influence.

It was not until the eighties that the younger element became numerous enough, experienced enough, and brave enough to make themselves felt. The literary and industrious spirit seized the younger officers. The Military Service Institution and Infantry and Cavalry schools were founded; and field manœuvres and target-practice were established. The army was too small for practice in strategy; but the strategy game of *Kriegspiel* became popular. Essays on strategy in all its branches became a fad; and the younger officers drilled by day and studied by night. I believe it fair to say that the majority of our officers under forty-five years of age are to-day the most highly educated and accomplished military strategists in the world: they only lack an opportunity to demonstrate their theories. Like Napoleon before the Italian campaigns, unknown to fame, they have spent years in the study of the Art of War; literally lying on their maps, working out every conceivable military problem that might be presented, and awaiting the opportunity that finally came to Napoleon. I have no hesitation in making the prophecy that, should a similar emergency arise, hundreds of our young officers would appear as fully equipped military geniuses of inestimable value to their country.

But in the war of 1898 young men and educated soldiers had no opportunity. Excepting the Engineer and Ordnance corps, which took little active part in the struggle, *every* head of a department was a non-graduate. At the beginning of the war, of the 6 brigadiers all were non-graduates. Of the 3 major-generals only 1 was a graduate; and he was "shelved," as it was thought, in the Philippines. But it transpired that his was the only campaign of the war conducted with science

and without adverse criticism. His men were well fed, well cared for, well clothed, and skilfully handled 8,000 miles away from his base of supplies. It is almost needless to say that he *insisted* on having educated subordinates in the higher commands and important staff positions.

Of the 18 volunteer major-generals appointed during the war only 1 (now retired) was a graduate taken from the army: the other 3 graduates were old men and prominent politicians taken from civil life. Of the 72 volunteer brigadiers 23 were graduates, and 49 non-graduates: 7 of the graduates were from civil life and mostly from political life. Of the 41 field officers of regular regiments before Santiago only 4 were graduates. Only 2 of the 10 captains of artillery were graduates. The captains and the lieutenants of the regiments, however, were nearly all graduates. The appointees in the departments of the Adjutant-General, the Inspector-General, the Judge-Advocate-General, and the Paymaster-General were largely civilians. In the two departments which developed the most scandal, of the 121 new officers appointed in the Quartermaster's Department 79 were from civil life, and 42 from the army: of the latter only a very small number were graduates. In the Subsistence Department, of 115 new appointments 92 were from civil life, and 23 from the army, not all of whom were graduates.

After four years of *war* the reorganized regular army had in 1866 1 general, 1 lieutenant-general, all 5 major-generals, and 8 out of 10 brigadiers, who were graduates of West Point. After thirty-three years of *peace,* on January 1, 1898, of 3 major-generals and 6 brigadiers 1 only was a graduate.

An examination of the rosters shows that the recent war was led by stone-masons: the battles were won by the captains who were architects. In the war of '61 all heads of departments (except the Medical Department) were graduates: in the war of '98 all heads of departments (except those of Engi-

neering and Ordnance) were non-graduates. What contrast in their records!

What was the matter with the army of 1898? A stone-mason as Secretary of War, a stone-mason at the head of each department, and stone-masons in command. Why does the Government spend a fortune on the education of each of its military architects, and, when he offers his services in time of war, ignore him and take up inexperienced "fathers' sons" instead? It is politics, not war. There were hundreds of West Point graduates, with wide experience in the army and National Guard, who tendered their services time and again, but were ignored because they were not backed by a political boss. The establishment of the Military Academy was recommended by Washington and was founded in 1802. Our own and foreign military critics, as I have said, pronounce it to be the very best scientific military school in the world. Why does the Government expend so much money on it each year, if its graduates are not utilized, if one may become a great soldier by merely possessing the friendship of a Senator?

Our army is to be suddenly increased to 100,000 men. Who will be the new officers? Politicians' sons, of course, or old, worn-out politicians ready to be retired on three-fourths pay for life. What will be the result in the next war? Disaster, of course, until young men, brainy men, educated specialists, are put to the front. We have an abundance of the best officers in the world; and they should be utilized where their technical knowledge and enthusiasm can be felt. Our Government should know that the bare fact that a man can ride a staid old cart-horse without falling off does not fit him to command a regiment any more than freedom from seasickness on a ferry-boat fits a man to command the "Oregon." *No one should be permitted to hold the position of general or colonel, or to serve on any division or brigade staff in the regular army, unless he be a graduate of the Military Academy, or have shown special fitness during years of army service, and have passed a*

rigid examination in strategy, tactics, logistics, and military engineering at least—the foundation-stones of military learning. It is worse than a blunder, it is, as I have said, a crime, to put thousands of precious lives under the command of an uneducated soldier, no matter how experienced and efficient as a subaltern; for the trade of stone-mason does not fit a man for the profession of architect. The code of ethics inculcated at West Point does not permit officers to seek self-advancement through private or indirect channels. They are, therefore, practically unknown to their political rulers, who are surrounded by self-seekers. The public is equally ignorant of actual conditions; and, as officers in the service are not permitted to speak for themselves, it is high time that some one should speak for them.

These are scientific times. War is the most scientific of professions; and, if we wish Manilas on the land, we must equip our regiments as skilfully as we do our battleships.

I am aware that individuals usually get the blame for the results of bad methods, and that the real censure should rest upon our bureau system, which is not only bad, but ridiculous. Who can imagine Cæsar winning victories over the Helvetii by advancing the right wing instead of the left, in obedience to a message from a strategy board in Rome, or delaying his expedition into Britain while the Senate quarrelled over the selection of his quartermaster- and commissary-generals, chosen for life, and independent from the general commanding, and who might or might not favor him with transportation and supplies. Why a ridiculous system of independent staff bureaus for the army, while the navy escapes this affliction? Is one less technical or scientific than the other? Who, pray, has changed the laws of war on land, and left them unchanged at sea?

Of course, military experts laugh at us. But what is to blame? Politics, of course. What makes us so foolish and unpatriotic? Why, hunger for spoils during long years of peace.

And we see no hope of improvement, until the time shall come when we are called upon suddenly to meet a foe that is neither hungry nor anxious to be whipped and sent home. Then, after the humiliation of defeat, we shall cease to run armies and regiments on the Town-Meeting system. One man will be put in command, with absolute control over *every* subordinate; and the politicians will be relegated to the rear in military as well as in naval affairs. The time will come when our rulers will find that warfare on land is quite as scientific as warfare on the sea, and that our permanent independent bureaus are prohibitive of rapid and decisive military operations.

Our army as a whole is not degenerate. The *personnel* of the rank and file is superb. The younger and middle-aged officers positively have no superiors. Give the young men a chance, give the architects a chance, and we shall see our new army of 100,000 men tactically as perfect as Frederick's, and manœuvred as scientifically as Napoleon's.

Our navy is perfection because *all* its officers are scientific sailors. Did it make our politicians seasick to ride a horse, our army would be equally favored and equally efficient. It is the politicians who are degenerate. The Naval Academy is the mother of the navy; the Military Academy is the step-mother of the army. The one reveres its mother and follows her precepts: the other, unable to comprehend its step-mother, is jealous of her influence. The difference is seen in the scientific manœuvres before Santiago on the sea and in the haphazard manœuvres around it on the land. Utilize our scientific officers, and we shall have a scientific army.

III.

THE WOOLLY HORSE.

(*Army and Navy Critic,* Aug., 1904.)

When P. T. Barnum imposed upon the American people the pleasing deceit of a woolly horse, he exercised the functions of a showman, and when rain loosened the glue and washed off the wool, the owner of the "one and only greatest show on earth" was endeared only the more affectionately in the hearts of the American people. His deception was harmless and wholly good-natured.

A rich farmer came to New York to spend a week and take in the sights. He put up at the Waldorf-Astoria and spent his money freely. A western mining man with a mine for sale stopped at the same tavern and joined his sight-seeing. In the evening they passed the time in an old-fashioned game of seven-up until the farmer had his friend's money and his note besides. The mine owner then confided to him the fact that he had several bricks of pure gold from his mine worth $20.67 an ounce, but that he would sell one of them to him for $10 an ounce and take up his note. The bargain was struck and the friend disappeared. An assay of the brick showed that it was worth ten cents a pound. Did the farmer tell the police and write a confession to his wife? No indeed, he went to a cheap boarding house, took with him some Waldorf stationery, staid out his week, and ever after, if any one should perpetrate the aged gold-brick joke in his presence, he would take it as a personal insult, thinking that his experience was known.

Our farmer friend was not less brave physically or mentally than the victims of the woolly horse, but his vanity was hurt. He was cowardly only in the presence of a sneer. Had the

amount involved been small, or had the swindle been new, or had it been perpetrated as a joke, he would have laughed it away.

The American people *do* love a joke, even at their own expense; but it must be a *joke*. They abominate a serious fraud, and especially a fraud for gain. This leads us to reflect upon some recent fakes in American history that have been perpetrated in all seriousness, and yet the actors, instead of being tarred and feathered, have been rewarded, for no other apparent reason than that the American people are ashamed that they have been so green as to be deceived in a gold-brick game perpetrated by their own leaders. Their vanity is hurt, and they will hate the man who assays the brick.

The Capture of the City of Manila.

The report for 1898 of the Major General commanding the armies of the United States contains about 80 pages of reports from officers, high and low, relative to the capture of the City of Manila. These reports, in technical and grandiloquent language, explain the scientific military maneuvers which resulted in the triumph of the American Army. General MacArthur's report is especially Napoleonic. The gallantry of subordinates is dwelt upon, with many recommendations for preferment. We have learned later, however, from sworn testimony before a Committee of Congress, that this capture of the City of Manila was pre-arranged by an agreement between its commandant and the commanding officers of the American Army and Navy, and that the attack was a mere pretense, designed to save the honor—and, incidentally, the neck—of the Spanish Commander, and to prevent the entry into Manila of the Filipino Army that was pressing it hard on the land side, and whose vengeance the Spaniards feared.

Admiral Dewey testified before the Congressional Committee (pages 2927 *et seq.*) as follows:

"The Governor General of Manila virtually surrendered to

me on the first day of May. It was all arranged and we need not have lost a man there." Q. "To whom did you communicate the arrangements that you had?" A. "General Merritt and, of course, all of my own Captains. * * * (It was stated) That the Spaniards were ready to surrender, but before doing so I must engage one of the outlying forts. * * * They [the Spaniards] said I must engage and fire for a while, and then I was to make signal by the international code, 'Do you surrender?' Then they were to hoist a white flag at a certain bastion; * * * I fired for a while and then made the signal according to the program. * * *

"I read General MacArthur's testimony in which he said he knew of no such arrangement as that. * * * I told General Merritt. I went to see him on one of the steamers, and he had several of his officers with him. * * * It was generally known in my squadron *that there was to be no real battle, as the Spaniards were not to fire.*"

Senator Patterson: "The information we got in this country was that it was simply and purely a storming and capture of the City of Manila. We did not get any information of the agreement."

Admiral Dewey: "Oh, no; there are lots of things that are not given out" (by the Department).

The object of this feigned attack does not seem to have been bad—a Spanish General's neck is always worth saving—but the reports of it are transparently insincere, and we *do* object to numerous promotions for "conspicuous bravery" in a *sham* battle. It resembles a gold brick more than a woolly horse, and we don't like to be reminded of a gold brick.

The Capture of Aguinaldo.

Nothing has hurt the pride of the American people so much as to be sold a gold brick in relation to the alleged capture of Aguinaldo. The story is a very startling one and was intended to thrill the American people with a tale of bravery, suffering

and hardship entailed in carrying out a cunning device in the capture of the wily leader of the Filipino insurrection, who, for years, had eluded every attempt at capture.

General MacArthur's cablegram to Washington of March 28, 1901, was almost as spectacular as Napoleon's proclamation at the Pyramids. It says, in part:—"No casualties our side. Splendid co-operation Navy through Commander Barry, officers, men. Vicksburg indispensable to success. Funston loudly praises Navy. Entire Army joins in thanks sea service.

"Transaction was brilliant in conception and faultless in execution. All credit must go Funston, who, under supervision of General Wheaton, organized and conducted expedition from start to finish. His reward should be signal and immediate. Agree with General Wheaton, who recommends Funston's retention Volunteers until he can be appointed Brigadier General Regulars."

General Funston's own account of his adventures is substantially as follows: A messenger from Aguinaldo, sent after reinforcements, voluntarily delivered up himself and his papers to Lieutenant Taylor, who turned him over to Colonel Funston, who went to Manila and organized an expedition for Aguinaldo's capture. Taking eighty Macabebe scouts enlisted in the American Army, he dressed some of them as peasants and others in the uniform of the insurgents. Going on board the Vicksburg, after sailing for six days and a half around the southern part of the Island of Luzon, they landed at a point only about 120 miles in a straight line from Manila, about ten or fifteen miles below Casiguran. They then went into that town and took on supplies, including twelve peasants to carry their burdens, and made their way on foot to Palanan, where Aguinaldo was in hiding. They sent Aguinaldo forged letters, indicating that they were coming with the desired reinforcements, having five American prisoners (Funston and his lieutenants dressed as privates). They experienced all manner of privations on the way and were obliged, on one

occasion, even to eat octopus. Arriving within a few miles of Palanan, they sent for food to Aguinaldo, who gave it freely. The head of the column crossed the river at Palanan, about half an hour before the "captive" officers crossed it in a small boat, and almost immediately the disguised Macabebes opened fire upon the Filipino guard of about twenty men who were drawn up on parade to salute the reinforcements. Three Filipinos were killed. Aguinaldo had already been taken possession of by the native officers before the arrival of Funston and his lieutenants.

After recuperating for a day, the party journeyed for six miles to Palanan Bay, when the Vicksburg appeared and took them to Manila in one day and a half around the northern part of the island.

In short, an American General, disguised as a private in captivity, actually commands a force, a part of whom are hired deserters from the enemy, clothed in the enemy's uniform. Under this disguise, he enters the enemy's country, passes within the lines of sentinels, attacks a body of the enemy in uniform, while in the act of saluting, kills several, and captures the General commanding. Such in substance is the official account.

This report admits a plain violation of the laws of war, and no educated soldier would ever have been fool enough to admit such perfidy, even though he had been base enough to perpetrate it. General Funston is a mere soldier of fortune, and probably never heard of General Orders 100, Series of 1863, which promulgated the laws relative to civilized warfare.

He had, of course, never heard of Article XXIII. of the Hague Convention, 1899, ratified by the United States, which prohibits belligerents "to make improper use of a flag of truce, a national flag, or the enemy's military ensigns or UNIFORMS as well as the distinctive badges of the Geneva Convention."

Everything done by General Funston would doubtless have

been perfectly proper on the part of a spy, who is merely a detective or reporter, and who seeks information only, but does not kill or forage. His calling is dangerous, but highly honorable. "A spy himself may even be an heroic character" (Winthrop's *Military Law,* p. 1200). There are no more honored names in English and American history than André and Nathan Hale. If a soldier, seeking information, is dressed in his own uniform, he is not a spy; if disguised, he is a spy, and, if captured, is entitled to a trial and, upon conviction, may be shot. His death is honorable. But "one who goes secretly within the lines with a view to the destruction of property, killing of persons, robbery and the like, is not, as such, a spy." (Winthrop, p. 1196.) To enter the lines of the enemy in the garb of his uniform is not legitimate warfare. It is condemned as "perfidy" and is subject to punishment, not only at the hands of the enemy, but by his own Government. Civilized nations do not recognize such methods. Such persons are guerrillas. (Winthrop, p. 1219.)

"A resort to the employment of assassins, or other violent or harmful and secret method which cannot be guarded against by ordinary vigilance, is interdicted by civilized usage. * * * So it has been held not to be lawful to deceive designedly an enemy by being disguised in the uniform of his army; and soldiers captured, when for a deceitful purpose so disguised, within the lines of the opposing forces, are not entitled to be treated as prisoners of war, but may be shot without trial." (Winthrop, p. 1223.)

It is the duty of every civilized nation to punish its own soldiers who violate a flag of truce or commit any equally heinous offense, such as entering the lines of the enemy without uniform or in a false uniform for any purpose other than the obtaining of information.

Filipino insurgents in uniform were shot down by deserters from their own ranks, masquerading as friends, by the direct command of an American General, and, under the laws of

civilized warfare, they were all assassins, and the killing was murder. The offense ranks with the poisoning of wells, and the violation of a flag of truce or safe conduct.

We take the following from General Orders No. 100:

"As martial law is executed by military force, it is incumbent upon those who administer it to be strictly guided by the principles of justice, honor and humanity—virtues adorning a soldier even more than other men, for the very reason that he possesses the power of his arms against the unarmed." (Section 4.)

"Military necessity admits of all direct destruction of life or limb of armed enemies and of all other persons whose destruction is incidentally unavoidable in the armed contests of the war; * * * (it permits) of such deception as does not involve the breaking of good faith, either positively pledged, regarding agreements entered into during the war, or supposed by the modern law of war to exist. Men who take up arms against one another in public war do not cease on this account to be moral beings, responsible to one another and to God." (Section 15.)

"Troops who fight in the uniforms of their enemies, without any plain, striking and uniform mark of distinction of their own, can expect no quarter." (Section 63.)

"The use of the enemy's national standard, flag or other emblem of nationality, for the purpose of deceiving the enemy in battle, is an act of perfidy, by which they lose all claim to the protection of the laws of war." (Section 65.)

General Funston's act of perfidy having been called to the attention of the press, all sorts of excuses for it were invented, three of which deserve consideration:

1. Aguinaldo was himself a murderer and an outlaw, in hiding, and any violation of the laws of war—any act of perfidy—even to the violation of a flag of truce or the enemy's uniform, was justifiable in his case.

2. Aguinaldo and his troops were not recognized as belligerents and therefore not protected by the laws of war.

3. The uniform of Aguinaldo's bodyguard was not enough of a uniform to merit the term.

Answering the third pretext first, we will simply say that Funston, his lieutenants, Aguinaldo, and all who have written on the subject, have falsified unanimously, if the Filipinos did not have a distinctive uniform. Inasmuch as General Funston has boasted, in his official report, of his cunning trick in violating the enemy's uniform, he must take the consequences of his boast.

In answer to the first excuse, we will say that there is no sufficient evidence that Aguinaldo ever committed murder. He certainly was not an outlaw. Whether or not he was in hiding will be considered later. If he had committed any crime or any violation of the laws of war, he should have been tried and executed; at least, he should have been imprisoned like any other felon. On the contrary, he was treated as a captive prince, or rather, as a princely guest. On board the Vicksburg he dined with the officers. Arriving at Manila, he ate his first breakfast with General MacArthur and his staff. He was never imprisoned in any proper sense of the word. He almost immediately made a proclamation to his people—and bought diamonds. The proclamation not being satisfactory, he issued a revised edition—and bought more diamonds. He and his wife were established in great style in a residence in Manila rented by the United States Government. A sentinel paraded at the door, but his orders were not to keep Aguinaldo in, but to keep Filipinos out; they, like all mankind, hated a traitor, and he feared them. He was nominally under the charge of a lieutenant, but he rode out with his wife almost daily on the Lunetta in his own private carriage, without a guard. In other words, he had every honor and luxury bestowed upon him that was bestowed upon General Mac-

Arthur himself, and the imprisonment of this alleged assassin and commander of guerrillas was purely technical. His treatment from the first hour negatives the contention that he was a murderer whose capture might lawfully be attended with the assassination of his attendants.

In answer to the pretense that Aguinaldo and his men were not entitled to belligerent rights as claimed by Prof. Woolsey in the *Outlook,* we will call the Professor's attention to his own treatise on International Law, at page 231, where he speaks of civil war, rebellion, insurrections and revolts, as follows:

"The same rules of war are required in such a war as in any other—the same ways of fighting, the same treatment of prisoners, of combatants, of non-combatants and of private property by the army where it passes; so also natural justice demands the same *veracity* and *faithfulness* which are binding in the intercourse of all moral beings. Nations thus treating rebels by no means concede thereby that they form a state or that they are *de facto* such. There is a difference between belligerents and belligerent states which has been too much overlooked. * * * [Argument as to belligerency omitted.]

It being admitted that Aguinaldo was a gentleman of high degree entitled to every honor that the Government could bestow upon him, including a life of luxury in a private dwelling, hired by the Government for the use of himself and wife; and it being further admitted that the Philippine Islands were governed by the President under the laws of war and not by the Constitution of the United States; and Colonel Funston having openly boasted in his official report of his perfidy and violation of the laws of war, what excuse can there be for promoting him to be a Brigadier General in the Regular Army, instead of ordering a court martial to try him for perfidy and punish him by hanging according to the gravity of the offense?

It is only just to the military side of the War Department to say that this promotion was made against their protest and was purely on the political side of the Government.

Thus far we have treated this subject seriously, as though the people of the United States had actually bought a gold brick worth $20.67 per ounce. It is an open secret in the Army, however, that this whole proceeding was a fake; that General Aguinaldo captured himself. Indeed, the object and most of the details of the spectacular capture were cabled to America a week before they happened. As a matter of fact, Aguinaldo had been living for *seven months* at Palanan (see Funston's article in *Everybody's Magazine,* October, 1901); he was unhonored and without influence. An American post was only fifty miles away, and yet he had lived undisturbed in peace. Nobody cared enough about him to take the trouble to go after him, until he became tired of neglect, and General MacArthur concluded that he would be a valuable political asset in America.

During all this time he received "the Manila newspapers with more or less regularity." (Aguinaldo's article in *Everybody's Magazine,* August, 1901.)

He had a bodyguard of about fifty men and a band of music with which "on Saturday and Sunday afternoons it was accustomed to give concerts in the plaza in front of my [his] house, followed, sometimes, by a dance in the parish house next to the church for the young people of the village." These were queer proceedings on the part of an "outlaw in hiding"; it is a wonder that that band did not disturb the slumbers of the American soldiers in a post only fifty miles away.

On February 22d, a month before Aguinaldo's capture, the Manila *New American* printed a story under these headlines: "Aguinaldo's secrets seized by the police. His last mail with cipher captured in this city." The article then indicated the exact location of Aguinaldo's camp, with other information relative to him and his men. It is simply preposterous that Aguinaldo should not have known everything published in the Manila papers or that he should have been captured in the

way he was except by collusion. Nothing was done in secret; Funston's rabbit hunt was made with a brass band.

A client of the writer who has recently returned from Government employ in the Philippines states: "Deponent has talked with a number of Filipinos who accompanied the expedition to Palanan under Colonel Funston for the alleged capture of Aguinaldo. Each told deponent that the expedition was prearranged by Aguinaldo himself; that he had sent his secretary within the American lines to make the arrangements, as he wanted to appear to have been captured. He had lived several months in Palanan, within fifty miles of an American post, without molestation. His influence with the natives had long since been spent, and his alleged capture was not a matter of any particular importance, and this was well known to the authorities in Manila.

"The fraudulent character of this capture and the supposed perfidy of his captors were the subject of common conversation and open scorn among the Filipinos and whites of the Philippine Islands, and while it seems to have given, in America, glory, renown and preferment to the actors, it received nothing but scorn and contempt in Manila."

General Funston said in an address at the Lotus Club, March 8, 1902: "The country between the place of disembarkation and his camp was almost impassable mountains, mountains which had never been crossed by a white man except once, by a Jesuit priest, about twenty-five years before. The country was inhabited mostly by savages, but there was about twenty miles north of our landing place a village known as Casiguran, a small town of not over three hundred people. * * *

"It is too long a story to go through—that terrible march. We left Casiguran unable to obtain a full supply of cracked corn; we left with what would be about a three-days' ration, counting on two meals a day, and with probably one day's ration of dried meat. We simply thought we would take chances. If the march had lasted another day, if we had been twenty miles

further away, not a single one of us would ever have got out of the country alive. When we finally reached our destination some of the Macabebes had given up, some of them were crawling on all fours, and I myself had to lie down every half-hour for a minute or two, so weak that I could not walk."

While we swell with pride in reading of the pluck and energy of American officers in enduring the horrible privations of that journey from Casiguran to Palanan, although they were supplied with food (caribou, rice and corn) from both places, and had twelve peasants to carry their burdens, nevertheless we think that Colonel Funston's achievements would have shown more brilliantly in contrast had he revised Aguinaldo's account (*Everybody's Magazine,* August, 1901) where he says: "There had been a celebration in Palanan that day, March 22d, on account of the anniversary of my birth, and the little village was in gala dress. Arches had been erected, and such other decorations were provided as the limited resources of the place could supply. *A number of people had made the fifty-mile journey from Casiguran to congratulate me on the occasion,* and we celebrated the day with horse races, dancing, serenades, and amateur theatricals. * * *

"The morning of March 23d was passed in making preparation for the formation of a Red Cross League among the *ladies who had come up from Casiguran for my birthday.*"

Oh, ye ladies of America! Meditate upon the heroism of the women of Casiguran, who, without twelve peasants to carry their bundles, traveled fifty miles over "almost impassable mountains" and endured the horrible privations described by Colonel Funston, for no other reason than to celebrate a birthday, hear the band play and trip the light fantastic toe. We should make all of those ladies Brigadier Generals at once.

How foolish to pretend to deceive Tagalogs by dressing up Macabebes, who are their hereditary enemies, hate them like snakes, and speak an entirely different tongue! It would be as preposterous successfully to deceive the Tagalogs by put-

ting Macabebes in their uniform, as to deceive a canny Scot in Edinburgh by dressing up a native of Kilkenny in kilts.

We call attention, too, to the fulsome praise of the Navy in General MacArthur's official report. What did they do that any sea-going tug could not have done better? They gave the expedition a 6½-days' ride by sea and landed them about 100 miles away from home. *This was done for secrecy,* yet their landing near Casiguran was discovered and reported (see the New York *Herald* of May 26, 1901). Indeed, on that shallow bay it would be impossible for a *war vessel* to approach the shore unnoticed. It could be seen for many miles. After the capture, this "splendid co-operation" of the Navy gave them a day-and-a-half ride back to Manila, *and they kept quiet.*

The only reward for this "splendid co-operation" was a bit of flattery in the cable to Washington. There were no promotions.

May we be unkind enough to call attention to the fact that in the grand finale to this spectacular capture General Funston and his Lieutenants remained behind and did not cross the river at Palanan until twenty minutes or half an hour after their eighty Macabebes and their Spanish officers were safely across, and had the wily Aguinaldo safely in their power? One would have expected the dare-devil Kansan to have been the first to risk his precious life in this spectacular climax. He did, of course, bravely risk his life by eating shell fish and octopus on the way, but the writer has been equally brave in risking shell fish at Delmonico's and once tackled the horrible octopus in the city of Venice. By the way, why was not an expedition of this character entrusted to a Second Lieutenant instead of a Colonel?

America has entered into a period of commanding influence in world politics. The time is coming when we are bound to demand the enforcement of the Hague Convention in relation to humane and honorable warfare. We will then be confronted with the official statement of an American General that he,

disguised as a prisoner, commanded troops in the uniform of the enemy, and, instead of being court-martialed and hanged for perfidy, was rewarded with a General's star. Then will the United States have to admit, with all due humility, that there was no violation of international law, because the capture was prearranged, and the uniform episode was but one act in a farce comedy; that no Filipinos on parade were killed by enemies in disguise; no staff officer was assassinated, and nobody was injured except the American people in their pride in having been sold a gold brick of the alleged value of $20.67 per ounce, the intrinsic value of which was not even ten cents per pound, and which was composed of an alloy the principal element of which was politics.

The Battle of San Juan, July 1, 1898.

This is the most humiliating fraud in recent history—the celebrated Battle of San Juan, in the Spanish War of 1898, which has given scores of brevets for every dead Spaniard.

The first act in the drama was to remove every West Pointer from heads of departments (excepting the Engineers and Ordnance, which contain graduates only), because West Pointers and contractors are natural born enemies. The next act was to put in command of the Army of Invasion an officer who was wholly incompetent to serve in a tropical climate, weighing 320 pounds and having permanent physical disabilities. His record consisted of the fact that he had continued to breathe for thirty-three years since the Civil War, was a personal friend of the Secretary of War, had no political aspirations, and, if Governor of Cuba, could be relied upon to bestow concessions in proper channels.

The new Commanding Officer remained on board of his transport five days after the last troops were landed at Daquiri. Why, we do not know. There were abundant derricks and tackle with which to disembark the artillery and

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mules. Why could they not disembark Shafter? Why did they wait until a dock was built that he might go ashore?

The facts of the battle are briefly as follows: General Shafter's plan of battle seems to have been all right but was not carried out. General Lawton was expected to capture El Caney by seven o'clock in the morning; then turn to his left and form the right wing of the attack on the San Juan hills; the center to be occupied by Wheeler and his cavalry; the left by Kent and the infantry. El Caney was not captured until half-past four in the afternoon. In the meantime the Wheeler and Kent divisions simply drifted toward San Juan, through a dense jungle, of which there had been no reconnoissance, and the Spanish skirmish line on San Juan exercised itself at target practice from six o'clock in the morning until half-past one in the afternoon, simply shooting at the roads and trails where the American troops were helpless, in column.

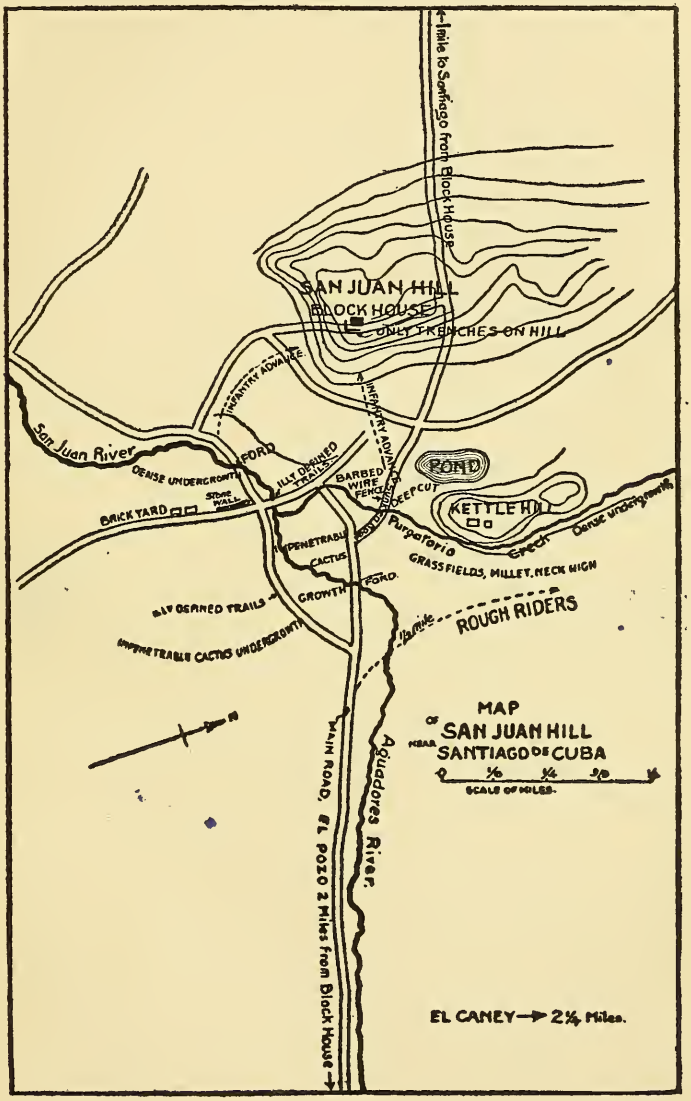
Is it not high time that some of the mists surrounding the battle of San Juan were raised? The War Department, when asked how many Spaniards were in Santiago when it surrendered, and how many Spaniards were killed and wounded at San Juan and El Caney, states in a letter that *they have no records that throw any light on the subject.* Prominent officers, who have knowledge, give evasive replies. Lieutenant Jose Muller y Tejeiro, second in command of naval forces of the Province of Santiago, in his history which has been translated in part by the Navy Department, gives only 3,000 effective Spanish soldiers in and about Santiago on July 1st. Escario and his column did not break in until the 3d, and there were about 2,100 sick in hospital. Their food consisted exclusively of rice and water; their ammunition was scarce; their artillery consisted of 13 pieces of antique patterns, some of which they did not dare discharge. Santiago had not been prepared for a siege. *These* 3,000 *men had over ten miles to cover,* and were attacked at five different points simultaneously: (1) The fleet menaced Morro Castle and the Socapa Battery at the

mouth of the Bay; (2) Five thousand Cubans, whose losses were heavy—Bonsal says (p. 444) their percentage of loss was 50 per cent. greater than the Americans'—were active, and harassed them on the west; (3) Aquadores was menaced by a demonstration of Michigan troops just landed; (4) El Caney was attacked by about 6,000 men and (5) San Juan by about 7,500.

According to Lieutenant Muller, the San Juan hills were occupied by a mere skirmish line of 250 Spaniards. Captain Nunez says in his history, also translated in part by the Navy (p. 113), "that the advance echelon of San Juan, consisting of *two* companies under the command of Colonel Vaquiero, was reinforced by *another* company." The artillery on San Juan consisted of two old pieces that looked as if they were a hundred years old, mounted on rickety old carriages. They were left behind. This echelon of San Juan was attacked by 7,500 Americans with light batteries and a Gatling battery—30 to 1. The American loss at San Juan, in killed and wounded, was more than a thousand by the official figures. The Spanish loss was substantially nothing. Every Spaniard killed or wounded four Americans. The percentage of American loss at San Juan was twice that of the British at the "bloody" battles of Tugela River. The Spanish loss is unknown; but was practically nothing.

General Miles' official report (1898) contains 676 pages with a supplement of 44 pages, and the Inspector General has issued a report of 158 pages. These contain scores of reports of officers who took part in the so-called battle, but a careful study of these volumes reveals the fact that a dead Spaniard on San Juan is mentioned in only three places and no numbers are given in any instance. The block house, of which so much has been written, and for the capture of which so many brevets have been given, consisted of an old, one-story farm house with a few loop holes. A single well-directed shell would have

destroyed it. It was cut up for firewood within a day or two. The intrenchments consisted of two short, disconnected ditches,



waist deep, one to the side and one in front of the block house. That in front only was available on the attack, and would not

conceal more than from fifty to a hundred Spaniards. The trenches had been hastily dug the day before.

One of the Regular officers, who was one of the first to ascend the San Juan hill and occupy the block house, when asked, before the Seventy-first Regiment Court of Inquiry: "What did you see on arriving at the top of the hill?" replied "Nothing." "Q. Nothing at all? A. Nothing but scenery. Q. No Spaniards? A. Well, a few might be seen in the distance retiring to their trenches." The fact is that as soon as the Americans formed line of battle and proceeded up the hill at about 1:30 P. M., the Spanish skirmish line retired to their breastworks around Santiago, which were never captured but were surrendered with the city on July 17th.

El Caney was a fight: San Juan was a slaughter. At El Caney 520 Spaniards were surrounded by about 6,000 Americans. They could not get away and believed that capture meant torture. They fought like tigers for eight hours; few escaped alive and almost none without wounds.

About 800 yards in front of the San Juan hills was a small stream called Purgatorio Creek, with densely wooded banks. It flowed close by a slight rise called Kettle Hill, which was also far in front of the San Juan hills. As far as known, Kettle Hill had never concealed a Spanish soldier in the history of the world, and its only fortification consisted of an old iron kettle that gave its name to the Americans. For hours the infantry had been lying in a sunken road, in advance of Kettle Hill. No one thought of going on top of it because there was nothing to go after. But when the infantry left the sunken road and captured the block house, Colonel Roosevelt and the Rough Riders marched from the millet field, behind this hill and Purgatorio Creek, and frantically charged up Kettle Hill! It was attended with little more danger than an attack on the City Hall in New York. The San Juan hills directly beyond it had no intrenchments, and had already been abandoned by the Spaniards.

In short, this slaughter of Americans by a handful of Spaniards at San Juan was a case of aimless drifting of the center and left wings toward an unexplored front. When the infantry finally debouched from the jungle and formed line of battle in the open space beyond the Acquadores (Purgatorio) River and advanced toward the block house on the hill, the skirmish line of Spaniards retired to their intrenchments nearer the city, and *after* the infantry had captured the deserted block house, Roosevelt and his Rough Riders valiantly advanced and captured Kettle Hill that never had concealed a Spaniard and had been left behind by our infantry hours before.

I have not overlooked the marvelous account of this battle found in *The Rough Riders,* by Theodore Roosevelt, and quote from pages 138 and 139: "When we reached the trenches, we found them filled with dead bodies in the light blue and white uniform of the Spanish Regular Army. There were very few wounded. Most of the fallen had little holes in their heads from which their brains were oozing; for they were covered from the neck down by the trenches. * * * Lieutenant Davis' First Sergeant, Clarence Gould, killed a Spanish soldier with his revolver, just as the Spaniard was aiming at one of *my* Rough Riders. At about the same time I also shot one. I was with Henry Bardshar, running up at the double, and two Spaniards leaped from the trenches and fired at us, not ten yards away. As they turned to run, I *closed in* and fired twice, missing the first and killing the second. At the time I did not know of Gould's exploit, and supposed my feat to be unique; and although Gould had killed his Spaniard in the trenches, not very far from me, I never learned of it until weeks after. It is astonishing what *a limited* area of vision and *experience* one has in the hurly-burly of a battle."

On the contrary we should remark that: "It is astonishing what a *magnified* area of vision and *imagination* one has in the hurly-burly of a book." We prefer the statements of Engineer Officers who were on the ground that there were no

Spanish intrenchments on Kettle Hill or on the hills occupied by the cavalry. These trenches being, then, imaginary, it is fair to argue that they were filled with imaginary dead Spaniards.

We are not acquainted with Colonel Roosevelt's optician, but we fear that his spectacles were multiparous and permitted him to slay, with impunity, many Spaniards that others were not able to discover, dead or alive. The Colonel's official reports are not so bloodthirsty as his magazine tales, nor does *any* official report suggest the number of Spanish casualties, as did those referring to Las Guasimas and El Caney.

His slaying the fleeing Spaniard less than thirty feet away sounds much like murder. No Regular officer found it necessary to establish his reputation by an acount of exultant bloodthirstiness. They accepted the painful duty of fighting the enemy as one of the sad necessities of war and sought to win no glory by gloating over the widows and orphans they were forced to make. Colonel Roosevelt stands out against the lurid horizon of war as the solitary autobiographer from the days of Cæsar till now to write himself down boastingly as a slayer of his fellow man, and that, too, at such close range. Why did he not close in a little nearer, strike the fleeing Spaniard with his revolver, trip him up, or, like the nursery tale, scatter salt on his coat tails and bring him to New York in chains to grace his triumphal electioneering tours? 'Twould have been far more effective and convincing.

We read the memoirs of Napoleon, of Grant and of Sherman in vain for blood-thirsty, widow-making accounts. How pathetic to dwell on the sight of the future President of the United States, writing himself down as a man-slayer! Other great warriors have been forced to speed the fatal bullet or thrust the deadly sword, but they have sought to forget it. They certainly never boasted of it. But as the official accounts and sworn testimonies have been silent as to his "unique feat," we are permitted, in kindness to the Colonel, to assume that

this cruel boast was meant to refer to the imaginary Spaniards in the imaginary trenches, defended by the imaginary battalions that would have defended them had the Spanish Government not been too poor to transport them from Spain.

It will be noted that the official reports do not contain the same blood-curdling narratives that, later, filled the magazines, and it is a well-known fact that, for hours, the Rough Riders, after leaving, early in the forenoon, the road which was subject to the direct fire from the San Juan hills, passed to the right (north) for half a mile into a field of millet, neck high, where the Spaniards in the block house had to shoot through Kettle Hill in order to hit them; and the spectacular charge up San Juan by the Volunteer cavalry, so vividly portrayed by an artist of international repute, consisted of nothing except a charge up Kettle Hill that had been left in the rear by the infantry hours before; and when, finally, the cavalry straggled on beyond Kettle Hill, they reached that part of the San Juan hills that had then never had an intrenchment and from which the Spanish skirmish line had long since retired to the intrenchments nearer Santiago.

Having examined under oath about 100 participants in the San Juan engagement, and having in my possession the stenographer's transcript of their testimony, I am prepared to state that Colonel Roosevelt did not so much as see a Spaniard on July 1, 1898, and was not in a position where he could see one.

While we speak of cavalry, please remember that there were no horses at San Juan. The cavalry had left their horses at Tampa, because they could not be taken on board the transports without cutting off their legs, and all officers left their horses at the rear on July 1st.

We are reminded that when the first shot was fired at Las Guasimas, the adjutant of the Rough Riders dashed back to the rear, spreading the report that Colonel Wood had been killed and Lieutenant Colonel Roosevelt dangerously wounded. Was

he court-martialed for cowardice? No. Was he reprimanded? No. Was he, later, honorably discharged? and did he, as a hero of Las Guasimas, write a book? Yes. It is only just to Lieutenant Hall, however, to say that his side of the story was that he acted under a prearranged plan to furnish the reporters with "copy" and his superior officers with fame, as soon as a shot was fired.

The period between the first and seventeenth days of July, when the city surrendered, is one to bring a blush to every officer and soldier of the Regular Army and a smile of contempt for their political associates. It is the duty of good soldiers to endure hardship of every nature. Battle casualties are but a small percentage of war losses, and soldierly qualities are better displayed during the trying months of a siege than in the exciting hour of a charge.

Major Reade, in his official report (Inspector General's Report, 1898, p. 102), states that Colonel Roosevelt made this statement: "Twenty-five per cent. of my Rough Riders can't carry a pail of water from the creek to the trenches. No man can decry me or my regiment, but WE MUST ACCEDE to the next proposition from the enemy." This marvelous demand was made at headquarters before the enemy surrendered.

Colonel Roosevelt has never denied this statement that he urged upon his commanding officer to let the enemy off easy for the simple reason that one-quarter of his men were sick and wanted to go home. It is what a man *does* on Monday and not what he *says* on Sunday, that counts.

The round-robin incident was strictly reprehensible. It seems to have been favored, however, by General Shafter who seemed as anxious to get home as any of his subordinates. The telegraphing of this round robin to America by Colonel Roosevelt or his press bureau was a breach of discipline of the gravest character; but the most serious and disgraceful part of this whole proceeding was the fact that officers went about among the enlisted men with telegraph blanks, asking if they

knew any Congressman or Senator or man of influence in Washington, to whom they could telegraph in their names to ask his influence to have the command sent home. Such conduct needs no comment. Just think of the position of a Commanding Officer, with subordinates undermining his authority by secret communications with his political superiors.

It is a pleasing fact to be able to state that no West Pointer was in any way connected with any of the breaches of discipline and acts of incompetency that disgraced the Santiago campaign. They were carefully discriminated against by the administration. If this had been a real war, lasting six months, every one of the incompetent fossils in command would have been retired at his own request and the spectacular political officers would have all hurried home to their mothers, leaving the commands in younger and more competent hands.

Of all the gold bricks that have ever been foisted upon the American public, that of this so-called Battle of San Juan is "the limit," and the worst feature of it is that the American people are not willing to hear the truth about it, but hate the man who suggests the facts. They are like the farmer at the Waldorf. Lieutenant Muller desired to have his history of the war published in America, and, having had correspondence with the writer relative to the disposition of troops and fortifications around Santiago, he asked the writer to obtain a publisher. Letters were written to about a dozen of the most prominent publishers in America and *no one of them would consent even to look at the manuscript,* stating in substance that the American people were not willing to hear that side of the story. If that be true, the American people are guilty of moral cowardice; if not true, the publishers have insulted the American people.

Our American soldiers are the best in the world. The personnel of European armies cannot be compared with them, either in endurance, intelligence or patriotism. There was scarcely a regiment before Santiago whose men would not

have been willing to rush in and capture the Spaniards with their hands, if they had been so ordered. There was scarcely a regiment, especially a Volunteer regiment, which did not contain privates who were competent to run railroads or locomotives, plan cathedrals or intrenchments, construct telegraph lines or ride mules. The men were only too willing to fight like tigers by day and dig ditches or repair roads by night. They were not only willing to fight for their country's honor, but to die for it, in battle or in the hospital. One intelligent, *persistent* American is worth ten wild Indians. There were only a few Rough Riders. If Buffalo Bill had never had a Rough Rider show, the United States would never have had a Rough Rider President. Verily, the strenuous pen is mightier than the sword, and modern heroes rush to glory, through rivers of ink, not blood.

Purest patriotism is not spectacular. The engineer in the hold of a battleship is far more useful and important than a whole company of marines on deck; and the engineer who, in battle, should leave his post in order to have his picture taken in the conning tower, should be punished as a deserter. It is not patriotism for an Ássistant Secretary of the Navy to leave a position of trust and usefulness for which he was fitted, by some experience at least, to stand behind the men behind the guns, in order to join a political regiment for the command of which he was wholly unfitted both by disposition and total want of experience.

Austerlitz has been called the most scientific battle in history. San Juan was certainly the most unscientific. Nevertheless, the victors at Austerlitz were not to be compared in quality of material to the Regular and Volunteer troops before Santiago. Napoleon never had a corps of subaltern officers that could compare with the highly educated military specialists of a single American Regular regiment. Better an army of sheep led by a lion than an army of lions led by a sheep. The heroes at Austerlitz had the advantage of long training under a master

teacher. Could Napoleon have had at Waterloo one army corps of such material as the Cuban army of invasion or our National Guard regiments, tried and annealed by actual service, all Europe might have been France to-day. But he could not have them. That kind of flower does not bloom under monarchies. It must be cultivated in the rich soil of freedom and developed under the hot sun of national necessity. Should any foreign or domestic foe again threaten our national integrity, millions of intelligent bayonets would leap from their scabbards, and scores of talented Cæsars would lead them to battle, all willing to lay down their lives in their country's service, without thought of press bureaus or political rewards.

The graduates of our Military Academy are acknowledged to be the most highly educated military specialists of the world. There is no Institution in Europe that pretends to rival it. Nevertheless, when a war broke out, these educated men were deliberately suppressed. After six months of real war, they would, of course, have come to the front.

It takes as highly educated specialized brains to command a regiment as a war ship. Politicians should no more meddle with one than the other, and yet, every Senator's son who can ride a horse thinks himself competent to command a brigade. If it made politicians seasick to ride a horse, the Army would be no more afflicted with them than is the Navy.

By the way, where was Colonel Wood on that desperate charge up Kettle Hill? Was he still in the tall grass? or was his press bureau asleep? or his artist paralyzed? or was he obliged to keep in the shadow while his Lieutenant Colonel appeared in the limelight? It is one of the curiosities of literature that the report of "T. A. Baldwin, Lieutenant Colonel, Tenth Cavalry, Commanding," at page 326 of General Miles' report, and that of "Leonard Wood, Brigadier General, U. S. Volunteers," at page 341, are *verbatim* the same. If, as alleged, General Wood was at the rear, on the highly commendable duty of looking after the ammunition, this exactitude of

thought and word of the Commanding Officer of the colored Cavalry, who was at the front, and his Brigade Commander, who was at the rear, should be referred to a select Committee of Professors of the occult sciences, as it is a rare instance of thought transference or telepathy. Another fact is noticeable, that Colonel Roosevelt speaks of having made two *other* reports on the marvelous battle of San Juan, but one of these does not appear. Who suppressed it?

This war has demonstrated that it is far better training for Army promotion to be able to cure croup in Washington than to devote a lifetime to the study of the science of war; and that a Military Governor who will smile on the right contractors and spend Cuba's money on political campaigns in the United States has a far better military training than in the command of troops. It has apparently demonstrated that military training is unnecessary to make a successful soldier; all one needs is the friendship of a Senator; political bricks do not have to be made of gold; gilt at ten cents a pound is enough. A press bureau is worth more than four years at college and twenty years in the field. Nevertheless, the American conscience, when instructed and aroused, is right, and the time will yet come when the American people will swallow their pride, and rebuke frauds. Mountebanks will get their coats of tar, and confidence men will be indicted by the grand jury of public opinion. For, while the people do love a woolly horse, they hate a gold brick.

IV.

THE LONE HORSEMAN OF SAN JUAN

(From a publication, in November, 1904, issued as a newspaper supplement; one million copies distributed.)

The Republican Campaign Committee has issued a pamphlet called "Roosevelt's Military Record," which has been circulated by the million, and a member of the Rough Riders, acting for the Campaign Committee, is sending it to all Spanish War veterans, with a statement that the President "is now being vilified and abused in outrageous terms for political reasons," and states: "I resent the bitter campaign falsehoods which are being uttered about him."

This pamphlet was probably issued as a reply to my article in the August number of the "Army and Navy Critic." It is needless to say that it is not an answer to any charge contained in that article.

In 1900 I issued a brochure on "The Seventy-first Regiment at San Juan," wherein most of the charges were set forth. *No one of them has ever been answered.* The August "Critic" has been issued for nearly three months, and no person has attempted to answer it. I will give one thousand dollars to any person who will prove that one line of that article is not strictly true.

I repeat the charges:

1. The block house on San Juan was captured at about 1:30 P. M., on July 1, 1898, by the Infantry, not by the Cavalry.

2. Colonel Roosevelt did not see a Spaniard on July 1st, and was not in a position where he could see one.

3 Colonel Roosevelt's account of his heroic charge on horseback up San Juan Hill is absolutely false.

4. Kettle Hill, a small rise of ground about 800 yards in front of the San Juan hills, never contained a Spanish soldier or Spanish entrenchment.

5. The infantry had lain in advance of Kettle Hill for hours before 1:30 P. M. They did not take possession of Kettle Hill in their right and rear, for no reason except that they had no use for an old kettle.

6. Earlier in the day, the Rough Riders had gone to the right of the road to Santiago, for half a mile, and lay for hours in the tall grass, neck high, behind Kettle Hill.

7. *After* the infantry had left the sunken road between Kettle Hill and San Juan, and had captured the block house, Colonel Roosevelt and his Rough Riders came out of the tall grass and captured the kettle on Kettle Hill.

8. There were no entrenchments on the San Juan hills, except about 100 feet around the block house. Colonel Roosevelt's statements in his "Rough Riders," written months after the war, do not correspond with official reports, even his own, and are absolutely untruthful.

9. There was no mounted officer or soldier at the capture of San Juan, and the Vereshtchagin picture for which Colonel Roosevelt is said to have sat, is a deliberate attempt to falsify history.

The Official Report.

Colonel Roosevelt's official report, found at pages 12 and 14 of Major-General Miles' Supplementary Report, 1898, contains the following:

"Accordingly we charged the block house and entrenchments on the hill to our right against a heavy fire. It was taken in good style, the men of my regiment thus being the first to capture any fortified position and to break through the Spanish lines." (Every word of that statement is absolutely

false.) * * * "After capturing this hill, we first of all directed a heavy fire upon the San Juan hill to our left, which was at the time being assailed by the regular infantry and cavalry, supported by Captain Parker's Gatling guns. By the time San Juan was taken a large force had assembled on the hill we had *previously* captured."

A glance at the map shows that the hill occupied by the cavalry was far in the rear of the San Juan hills, and the reports of the engineer officers and the official maps are unanimous that it contained no entrenchments whatever, and there is no record of its ever having been occupied by the Spaniards.

A glance at the map will show how preposterous is Colonel Roosevelt's claim. (See map, p. 73.)

Colonel Roosevelt stated in an address to the National Guard Association of the State of New York, on February 18, 1900 (pp. 56, 57, Official Report, N. G., N. Y.):

"As for the San Juan fight, it would be an exaggeration to say it was a colonel's fight. It was a squad leader's fight. No human being in the column knew what he was to do when the column started. We moved forward again, crossed the river and had to halt within range of the Spanish batteries on the hills until we got the order to charge. More by a consensus of opinion than anything else we went up and took the hill."

This is the official report of this speech to the National Guard, but in the actual speech he admitted that he did not see a Spaniard; that they did not know that there had been a battle until it was over.

The position of the First Volunteer Cavalry, half a mile to the right of the road to Santiago and behind Kettle Hill, is indicated by the reports of Leonard Wood, colonel, First U. S. Volunteer Cavalry, and T. A. Baldwin, lieutenant-colonel, Tenth Cavalry (see pp. 326 and 341 of General Miles' official report). These reports are, *verbatim*, the same. One plagiarizes

from the other. As General Wood was somewhere in the rear, he was probably the offender:

"After proceeding about half way to the San Juan Hill (from El Pozo) the leading regiment (Rough Riders) was directed to *change the direction to the right,* and by moving up to the creek to effect junction with General Lawton's division, which was then engaged at Caney, about a mile and a half toward the right, but was supposed to be working toward our right flank. After proceeding in this direction *about half a mile,* this effort to connect with General Lawton was given up, and the First and Tenth Cavalry were formed for attack on the *East Hill,* with the Volunteer Cavalry as support."

Colonel Wood says in his report of July 6 (p. 342): "Our first objective was the hill with a small red-roofed house on it" (Kettle Hill).

After the occupation of the San Juan hills by the infantry, it became necessary to create entrenchments to be captured and Spaniards to be killed by the political colonel, and the only way to do this was to make a bristling fortification out of an old kettle that had been left behind by the infantry hours before.

Colonel Egbert, Sixth Infantry, says in his official report, pages 364-5: "The San Juan Hill fortifications being in plain view, about 400 yards distant, while to our right and *in prolongation of the road on which we stood* was another hill surmounted by a large painted house. This is the hill *subsequently* captured by the cavalry division and opposite to which their lines extended, though they were not in sight from the road. * * *

"This was the first opportunity offered to efficiently carry out General Hawkins' order to enfilade the San Juan Hill, upon which my regiment and the detachment of the Sixteenth now opened a hot fire, to which the trenches responded, and this *continued for an hour.* It will be observed that except for

Captain Whitall's detachment of the Sixteenth *the Sixth was now entirely alone in* its attack on the San Juan hill." * * *

"Here the Sixth remained, contending with the hill *for about an hour,* but as we were particularly hidden by the hedge and protected by a road trench (sunken road) our casualties were not heavy. At the same time I was not satisfied with our position on the road, which, being oblique to the hill, gave only an oblique and comparatively not effective fire. I therefore concluded to advance the regiment into the field of high grass and weeds lying between our present position and the San Juan blockhouse. * * * As they drew nearer we distinguished the tall figure of General Hawkins, with his aid, Lieutenant Ord, Sixth Infantry, charging at the head of the skirmishers and waving their hats. * * * As soon as this could be stopped by a signal the mingled troops of the Sixth, Sixteenth, Thirteenth and Twenty-fourth swept up and over the hill and it was won, Captain Charles Byrne's Company F, and Captain Kennon's Company E, of the Sixth, being among the foremost, if not actually the very first, on the summit."

Captain Whitall, of the Sixteenth Infantry, says in his report, page 285: "During the entire action from the time General Hawkins ordered my company forward, I never received a command from any one until after my company had carried the colors to the blockhouse, where it was the first flag on the San Juan Hill. At the time of my arrival at the blockhouse on the crest of the hill I could see no other men there but those of my company and a few men from other companies of the regiment."

Lieutenant Stedman, of the Sixteenth Infantry, says, in his official report (page 282): "I here ascertained that the other companies of my battalion were to my left, *in this sunken road.* I moved my company to the left and went through an opening in a wire fence, which had been cut by a Cuban, who was very prominent in the first charge. This was about thirty paces from the crossing of the creek. This put me on the right of the

front line that started to make the charge across this open space, the companies consisting of A, D, E, C and G, Sixteenth Infantry.

"I led my company across this open space some 600 yards, and the charge was made directly in front of *the* trench occupied by the enemy. That was a little to the left of the blockhouse directly fronting us, and on the crest of the hill, *the only fortified field works* near this blockhouse." (See p. 70.)

Captain L. W. V. Kennon, of the Sixth Infantry, says in his official report (page 288): "Our artillery fire having ceased, Company E went up the hill, and was the first organization of our army to reach the summit and the fort. A number of enlisted men of other companies joined in the advance and reached the crest with us. At this time there were a few Spaniards in the blockhouse and in the trenches to the flanks, but the greater part were in the rear of the fort, retreating to a position in rear."

General Kent says in his official report (page 166): "General Hawkins, some time after I reached the crest, reported that the Sixth and Sixteenth Infantry had captured the hill, which I now consider incorrect. Credit is almost equally due the Sixth, Ninth, Thirteenth, Sixteenth and Twenty-fourth regiments of infantry."

General Miles' official report contains the reports of scores of officers on the battle of San Juan, not one of which bears out Colonel Roosevelt's absolutely false report of the battle contained in his "Rough Riders." There is not any official report of the battle from any source corroborating Colonel Roosevelt's official report of the battle. I therefore repeat the charge that Colonel Roosevelt has obtained promotion to the Presidency of the United States by a report of his own alleged heroic acts at San Juan Hill, which reports were knowingly false. I repeat there was but one blockhouse, and one entrenchment on the San Juan Hills. These were captured by the in-

fantry. This infantry had lain for hours in and around the sunken road in advance of Kettle Hill, and *after* the infantry had captured San Juan, Roosevelt and his Rough Riders came out of the tall grass, where they had been concealed for hours, and went up Kettle Hill, which had never had upon it an entrenchment or a Spanish soldier.

Colonel Roosevelt had had no military experience. He left a position in the navy, where he might have been of some service, in order to take a spectacular position in the army, where he was the laughing stock of regulars and volunteers alike. All the world honors a brave soldier, but all the world despises false pretences.

"Roosevelt's Military Record," published by the Republican Campaign Committee, is a mere collection of platitudes, and the recommendations of Roosevelt for brevet and a medal of honor met with no serious consideration. They were rejected. The letters of recommendation are very guarded, and no one of them was written by any man who saw the alleged heroic charge against the San Juan kettle. Roosevelt says, in his "Rough Riders," page 125, that he tried to find General Sumner and General Wood and could not. Colonel Mills was wounded and out of action long before the charge. Recommendations, in general terms, by subordinates amount to nothing. Such unofficial recommendations may be had for the asking.

The charges contained in the brochure, published in 1900, remain unanswered; the charges of the August "Army and Navy Critic" remain unanswered. And I repeat, and defy any man with knowledge to refute them.

General MacArthur obtained his promotion as major-general by making a report about his maneuvres in the capture of the city of Manila, which we now know to have been a sham battle, and Admiral Dewey swore before a committee of Congress that the city had practically surrendered to him a week

before and it was arranged that the Spaniards were not to fire back.

Colonel Funston obtained his promotion as brigadier-general upon his own report of his own heroic deeds in the capture of Aguinaldo, which we now know to have been put up by Aguinaldo himself, who says, in "Everybody's Magazine," of August, 1901, that the ladies had come over the day before from Casiguran to Palinan to have a dance, thus traversing the very road over which Funston passed in his horrible privations.

Colonel Roosevelt has obtained promotions by a false report in his "Rough Riders" of his own heroic deeds in an imaginary charge on an imaginary horse up an imaginary hill against imaginary Spaniards.

[The writer of these letters to his wife is a prominent magazine writer who enlisted in the regulars so as to get to the front and see real service. His name will be furnished on request.]

LETTERS FROM A PRIVATE.

Letter No. 1.

At Foot of San Juan Hill.
July 1, 1898.

This has been a day of terror and yet this evening finds me singularly cool and calm. * * * The fighting started about daybreak with an artillery duel, in which our artillery seems to have got the worst of it. I hear that Grimes has been shelled out of his position on El Pozo and that Capron's artillery was worse than useless. You see our artillery was using black powder, while the Spanish used smokeless powder. So, while we were a perfect mark for them, we could not locate their batteries at all. The casualties have been pretty heavy. I hear to-night that our division has lost about 350

killed and 2,000 wounded. Our regiment lost something over 100 killed and wounded, but I don't know just how many. I thought we would be the whole thing on account of having taken this hill, but the adjutant (who is now Lieutenant Koehler) says the Rough Riders will get all the credit because they have their press agents along. And, what do you think, *they were not even in the fight.* They left the main advance column early in the morning, and going off to the right got lost somewhere in the chaparral and did not get out again until to-night. I just got back from a walk along the line and find the army strung out like this: [Letter contains a map not thought necessary to reproduce.]

It is a pretty thin line, but I guess we will be able to hold our position. The regulars are simply wonderful as fighters. They go at it as if it was sport instead of tragedy, and the fact that men are killed and wounded continually don't seem to bother them at all. They take it as a matter of course. * * * I'm glad I'm a regular. They go ahead and do their business without any fuss or feathers. But I'm sorry that we will not get any credit for our work. They say our charge will make Roosevelt President some day, and that that is the only thing he went into the war for—just politics. Well, I suppose I shouldn't kick, as I am looking for a laurel wreath myself. The adjutant says I'll never be heard of unless I should chance to get killed, when I will occupy one line in the papers in the list of dead and wounded. * * * When I was over on the right flank about an hour ago the Rough Riders were just getting up to the line in the position assigned them. Where they had been all day I don't know, but the talk is that they were having sport on a hill somewhere in the rear. I will probably know more about this to-morrow or next day. It is rumored that we will advance again to-morrow and drive the Spanish into the harbor. They retired in pretty good order to-day, as they only left eight dead on the hill and no wounded, so far as I know. * * * Just how

many are in the opposing army I do not know, but it is said that there is between 20,000 and 30,000. We have only 17,000 men on the island, of which 4,000 or 5,000 are volunteers, so you see what kind of stuff we are made of.

Letter No. 2.

San Juan Hill, July 10, 1898.

No change since my last letter * * *. There are rumors that we will attack the Spanish in the morning. Seems likely that we will, as we have received orders to pack rolls and haversacks at 4 A. M. to-morrow. This afternoon I went along the entire line of our army. Had nothing else to do, and I wanted to see just how we were located. This is the way we are situated: [Letter furnishes map not deemed necessary to publish.]

You will notice a little hill in the rear which I have marked "R. R." That is where the Rough Riders did all their terrible fighting on the first day of the fight. I don't know, but honestly believe they never saw a Spaniard over there. I hear that it is in all the New York papers that Roosevelt and his Rough Riders took San Juan Hill. That is a lie. He didn't take San Juan Hill. He didn't even see the hill, and he has never been near it yet. We took the hill, and we have been on top of it ever since. The actions of that man are the laughing stock of the army. He is continually blowing his horn, and seems to think he is the biggest man down here. If he were not Roosevelt, I believe he would be drummed out of camp. It is quite sickening to see the airs he puts on. I suppose before the war is over he will be commanding the army, and that will mean a through ticket to the Presidential chair. It's all politics. The men who did the fighting—the regulars—have very little to say. They don't seem to be in it for glory. They simply do it as a matter of business. But Roosevelt is out for glory alone, and he seems to be taking

all he can get. * * * Now he wants to get back to the United States (probably to pull some wires). He has done nothing but kick, kick, kick for the last three or four days, and he has made himself very obnoxious everywhere. He kicks because he can't have toast and eggs every morning for breakfast. He kicks because he has to sleep on the ground instead of a hair mattress. He kicks because his men are homesick and want to see their best girls. I'm homesick myself, but I'm not kicking, and I haven't heard a kick from any one in the regiment yet—not even from one fellow whom I helped into a transport wagon to be taken back to the hospital. He had both eyes shot out, wounds through the neck, chest, abdomen, legs and arms, but the only thing he said was: "Who's got a pipe handy?" I gave him mine. I didn't think he'd lived more than an hour or two, although he had lain in the grass three days without attention, but they got him into the hospital alive.

V.

THE SLAUGHTER OF DREAM ELKS.

New York, June 27, 1907.

Rev. William J. Long,
Stamford, Conn.

Dear Sir: You take the President too seriously. He is not half as black as he paints himself. "Nature faker," "molly coddle" and "liar" are merely the phrases of a "barker" alluring the public into an illusive side show. They are not serious. If you would study wild animals in their native woods less, and study press agents more, you would understand freaks better.

You misunderstand our President. Words with him merely portray dreams, not facts. He belongs to the purely idealistic, not to the realistic, school of writers. Only dreamers can appreciate dreamers.

You say: "I find after carefully reading two of his big "books, that every time Mr. Roosevelt gets near the heart of "a wild thing he invariably puts a bullet through it. From his "own records I have reckoned a full thousand hearts which "he has known thus intimately. In one chapter alone I find "that he violently gained knowledge of eleven noble elk hearts "in a few days, and he tells us that this was 'a type of many "such hunts;' in others he says he has been much more success-"ful and often far excelled these figures."

If you but knew the President intimately, Mr. Long, you would not condemn him. He is not so bloodthirsty as he seems. Those 1,000 hearts were only dream hearts, and shooting dream elks is not bloodthirsty, but does make good copy for a self-constituted press agent.

You quote from one of the President's works of fiction: "He bore his antlers aloft; the snow lay thick on his mane; he "sniffed the air as he walked. As I drew a bead his bearing of "self-confidence changed to one of alarm. My bullet smote "through his shoulder-blades, and he plunged wildly forward "and fell full length on the blood-stained snow.

"I jumped off my horse, knelt and covered the fawn; as "I pulled the trigger down went the deer, the bullet having "gone into the back of its head. I felt much pleased with it.

"My nerves were thrilling and my heart beating with eager, "fierce excitement. * * * Drawing a fine bead, I prest the "trigger. He did not reel, but I knew he was mine, for the "blood sprang from both his nostrils, and he fell dying on his "side before he had gone thirty rods.

"My aim was true, and the huge beast crashed down hill, "pulling himself on his forelegs for twenty rods, his hind "quarters trailing. Racing forward, I broke his neck. Two "moose birds followed the wounded bull as he dragged his "great carcass down the hill, and pounced with ghoulish blood-"thirstiness on the goutte of blood that sprinkled the green "herbage."

Don't condemn our President as a savage animal, Mr. Long. He is not half bad. That was the press agent, writing for callow youth; that elk was a dream elk, and dream elks do not expire in agony and are never studied by "Nature Fakers." They are wholly outside of your realm.

Above all the President does abhor a "soldier faker," but his abhorence goes no further than words. A barking dog never bites. The President barks at the wicked trusts, but you will notice that none of them have hydrophobia. The "big stick" is wielded fiercely until the campaign contributions are duly vouched for, then it rests peacefully in the simple life.

Roosevelt and Napoleon were both geniuses; both were the greatest men that ever lived; they admit it; each edited bulle-

tins of his achievements, and Napoleon differed from his modern prototype only in the fact that he actually fought battles, killed people and entailed misery on the world, while Mr. Roosevelt is a harmless soldier in that he kills, and wades in the gore of, dream soldiers only.

As a captain in the Eighth Regiment of the National Guard of New York, he was so literary that he read the commands out of a book; his Company liked Laura Jean Libbey better; stayed away from drills, and he resigned. At the outbreak of war, he deserted his post in the Navy as Assistant Secretary, where he might have been of some service to his Country, to take an irresponsible but spectacular position as lieutenant-colonel of a Buffalo Bill regiment, collected from space. He was too active as a press agent to learn tactics, but that stroke of genius made him President. The people do love a persistent * * * but that is an ugly word.

Mr. Long, please do not be too hard on the President, and his slaughter of thousands. They are "dream" thousands. The animals that he slaughters are like his dead Spaniards, purely imaginary.

You may say, Mr. Long, that Colonel Roosevelt's account in "The Rough Riders" is now known to be absolutely false, knowingly false, deliberately false, purposely false, designed to deceive for purposes of self aggrandisement, and, therefore, wicked and despicable, but, but you must not use ugly words.

Our great President is a dual genius—a Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde—and geniuses are too exalted to be criticised.

Mr. Hyde is a savage hunter, delighting in the smell of blood, depopulating the Great West; Dr. Jekyll is a tenderfoot, with a silver-plated rifle and an outlandish outfit, who can't hit the side of a barn—the laughing stock of everybody.

Dr. Jekyll is religious; Mr. Hyde swears like a trooper.

Mr. Hyde is a "tough"; goes to prize fights, learns boxing from a professional with a large vocabulary; Dr. Jekyll goes to church.

Dr. Jekyll writes wonderful histories of rare literary merit; Mr. Hyde writes fiction that should fall into the waste-basket.

Dr. Jekyll is a reformer, a free-trader, a civil service enthusiast, a trust-buster; Mr. Hyde is a "stand-patter," violates his own civil service rules, and collects a giant campaign fund from the wicked trusts.

Mr. Hyde is a swashbuckler; wading through blood, depopulating the earth; Dr. Jekyll decries race suicide, prefers the simple life, and charges frantically up Kettle Hill, capturing two old kettles while the cables are red hot transmitting the interpretation of dreams.

Dr. Jekyll is a citizen of a republic, avoiding foreign complications, minding his own business; Mr. Hyde enters into diplomatic relations with the Vatican, abuses the Methodists, and tries to influence the appointment of a cardinal through "Dear Maria."

Dr. Jekyll has high ideals and always tells the truth; Mr. Hyde * * * dreams, and the papers always send two reporters at least to get the dreams, because the interpretation generally changes over night, and a single reporter would be denounced as an Ananias next day.

Dr. Jekyll prates about a square deal and Mr. Hyde sees that you don't get it.

Well, my dear Mr. Long, you may fill out the list of contrasts. Be sure that everything that Dr. Jekyll claims to be, Mr. Hyde is not. But don't be too serious with genius, and when you attack a dual personality, please differentiate. Besides, a genius has a right to slaughter any number of dream elks, imaginary Spaniards, or real reputations of conscientious and devoted men, if only genius can step up one step higher into the limelight on the corpse of the slaughtered character.

Yours very truly,

ALEXANDER S. BACON.

VI.

IMPERIALISM.

(*The Army and Navy Critic,* September, 1904.)

A representative republic is the only just and rational government among equals.

When a republic becomes imperial—assuming the role of ruler over inferior or subject nations—it is the most brutal of masters. An individual tyrant is restrained by fear of assassination; a collective tyrant is practically unrestrained.

An Expanded Republic adopts children; an Imperial Republic buys slaves.

While the strong arm of a despot may govern successfully a nation of criminals or slaves, in a republic where the people rule, the people must be virtuous and patriotic or the republic will fall. Only homogeneous nations are strong.

"For the nation and kingdom that will not serve Thee shall perish; yea, those nations shall be utterly wasted."—Isaiah 60; 12.

Professor Draper in his "Intellectual Development of Europe" devotes two large volumes to demonstrate his theory that families, nations and peoples are in all respects like individuals. They are born, develop, mature and *die.* They pass through child-hood, youth, manhood and old age. Some die early, some are cut off by accident or crime, some live for centuries; *but they all die.* Both in their birth and development, they are subject to circumstances of heredity and environment just like an individual. Nations have character; *adopt* ideals and *change* them. He proves this theory to his own satis-

faction by discussing national development in the history of the peoples of Europe. Without endorsing Dr. Draper's theory, we use it for illustration.

The most dangerous period in a man's life is when just budding into manhood. The passions are at their height, ambition is boundless, experience limited, conceit unbearable. At this period the young man knows more than he ever will again. He thinks that he has been favored with more knowledge by intuition than his parents have acquired in a lifetime of study and experiment. Young manhood is the era of great deeds, of great crimes, of desperate chances, of changing beliefs. He is like an unbroken colt. In training him for service, we do not break his back, but seek to direct his overflowing energies into right channels and control them with a curb. This process is unpopular with the colt, but is applied by his best friends. Whether a young man shall successfully pass this period when he first discovers his strength of muscle and brain, will depend upon his environment and training—the stability of his character. It will depend very largely upon his accepted ideals and his fidelity to them. Consciously or unconsciously, every boy has selected some one whom he admires—whose character he seeks to copy, and in every crisis he asks himself involuntarily the question: "What would *he* do?" If a young man's early training has been firmly grounded in strong faith and a correct code of morals, his ship of character will sail safely over these dangerous rapids into the smooth waters of middle life; if faith be weak and morals inert, he is apt to lose his rudder and founder on the rocks. As with a young man, so with a young nation.

As we are not gifted with prophecy, we know of no better way to determine the future of our own country than by comparing present conditions and tendencies with the precedents of history.

The American Republic is now in a transition period, passing from youth to sturdy young manhood—the age of heroic

deeds, revolting crimes and changing ideals. During the late Spanish war it jumped into the arena of world politics as a full-fledged warrior. It has just discovered its strength as a young giant. As a nation, we have had our ideals and are, apparently, now changing them. The problems now confronting the republic are exactly those that confront a young man on entering the threshold of a life work. He may follow his ideals, or select new ones. Everything depends upon his stability of character. Young men and young nations are fickle and conceited. Their future depends, not so much upon their past, as upon a present determination to stand by their early teachings—to cut the mother's apron strings or tie them tighter.

To no country do we so often go for precedents as to Greece. The Athenian republic by its intellect and patriotism stamped its character upon the civilization of subsequent ages. As long as Athens was free, and as long as the people ruled through popular assemblies, she developed in literature, science and art, and dictated the public opinion of the civilized world. In her magnificent struggles to preserve her liberties, she displayed the most exalted heroism and beat back the hosts of oriental invaders that threatened to stamp out the world's civilization as effectually as the Turk has since stamped out the former intellectual supremacy of Constantinople. But a period came in the history of Athens when it became aggressive. It raised a large army and burdened itself with debt for the purpose of conducting an unjust war against Syracuse. The Athenian Republic aspired to be imperial and rule over its neighbors. From the date of the destruction of its army in Sicily, Athens became insignificant, both politically and intellectually, and the Athenian was thereafter as much despised for his sycophancy as he had formerly been honored for his integrity and strength of character. The would-be imperial republic of Athens died in disgrace.

Rome was a republic. After a while the sturdy little peo-

ple of the Seven Hills became ambitious to rule over their neighbors; they succeeded, and, in course of time, the assemblies of the people gave way to the dominant influence of a senatorial oligarchy and the republic was governed by a senate of rich men.

After terrible struggles to preserve its liberties in the Hannibalic wars, Rome ceased to be a republic in fact. It became a republican empire dominated by a wealthy senate. Money was king. An imperial republic ruled the world. The title of Roman citizen was the highest honor, but to be a Roman was to be a brute, and the world has never known a more brutal master than the imperial republic. Provinces submitted, but provinces hated, and the bloody massacres of Marius and Sulla were the natural forerunners of the invasion of the Gauls, those sturdy barbarians who resembled the Romans of the true republic and who easily trampled under foot the effeminate fops of the empire. The imperial republic of Rome died in blood.

The heroes of republican Greece were Miltiades and Socrates. The heroes of republican Rome were Cincinnatus and Scipio Africanus, but neither Greece nor Rome had stable national characters founded on correct religious principles and habits of pure morality, and when they had developed the strength of manhood, they forsook the ideals of their youth and worshipped Alexander and Cæsar, the apostles of force.

The French republic of 1792 had no inspiration save hatred to its oppressors. It saw no avenue to liberty save through blood. It had no religious training, no curb to restrain the passions of young manhood. The colt remained unbroken. The horrors of the Reign of Terror were founded in the infidel writings of Voltaire and Rousseau. The French Republic became imperial and triumphed over and ruled its neighbors. It soon threw off its mask and became an empire. The French empire simply worshipped its founder and hero, but when that

hero was humiliated at Waterloo, many of the French veterans who had accomplished heroic marvels under the leadership of a military genius, became wandering vagabonds on the face of the earth. The veterans fell with their ideal. The imperial republic of France died in blood.

The Swiss republic has endured for three centuries—but Switzerland has never aspired to be imperial and rule over its neighbors, and the true republic of Switzerland still lives.

The new American republic was born subject, like an individual, to circumstances of heredity, modified by environment. It inherited the sturdy virtues of the Puritan on one side and the easy virtue of the Cavalier on the other. Fortunately, Providence developed for the nation a heroic ideal. Just south of the Potomac there lived an aristocrat, who had inherited all the salient virtues of both Puritan and Cavalier, and had developed them, even in the abhorrent environment of slavery. All discordant elements recognized him as the ideal American. He was in sympathy with both North and South, and his deep religious nature and his exalted character gave him the confidence of all.

We call him the greatest American: Yet he was a General who never won a battle; he triumphed through defeat; a statesman who was guided by his Cabinet; his statesmanship was unequalled. In one respect he was the greatest man in history: he was a MAN. He had a stable character; he was true to his ideals. He might have been the first King of what would now have been the greatest of Kingdoms, but he was true to his principles and rejected the tempting offer. Napoleon, when tempted, took a crown, and when he fell, his empire fell. Washington, when tempted, rejected a crown, and when he died his republic lived on.

The conflicting influences that fought for dominance in the youth of the republic grew side by side; each trod upon the toes of the other until, in 1861, the irrepressible conflict came and the flag was washed clean of the sin of slavery and

floated over a free and united people, wherein the influences of the Puritan ancestors prevailed. All the better instincts of the boy triumphed. A century of marvelous development has demonstrated the fact that a representative republic is the only just and rational government among equals.

The character of the new republic seemed then to be anchored securely in the principles of religion and morality. The Declaration of Independence and Washington's Farewell Address seemed to be the texts on which all argument must be based, and the life and character of the unselfish and consistent Washington seemed to be the only ideals of the nation; national policies seemed to be dominated by the answer to the question: "What would Washington have done?"

But the youth now appreciates the strength of young manhood. He has grown strong, restless, ambitious, impudent and conceited. He has outgrown Washington's advice. The Declaration of Independence was simply food for infants. He knows by intuition more than his parents knew by study and experience. The fatal hour has come. Will the new Greece follow Miltiades or Philip? Will the new Rome follow Cincinnatus or Cæsar? Will America follow Washington or Funston? Will the young man adhere to the ideals taught from a mother's knee, or will he select a new ideal founded in brute force?

Does the Constitution follow the flag? Is every American a citizen, or are some Americans subjects? Will the people rule or are we driving towards an oligarchy of wealth, with the seat of power in a purse-proud Senate? The tendencies of the last three years are unmistakable. There has been a positive revolution. Public sentiment, always fickle, has turned a complete summersault. Four years ago, we rejected Hawaii. Now we have a mania for coaling stations all over the world. The proud distinction of being an American must be confined to the American continent, and the imperial American republic may own nations and peoples, with or without their consent.

We are drifting toward an imperial republic that enjoys the sensation of ruling over its neighbors.

Present American conditions are so remarkably similar to those of Rome during the generation following the Hannibalic wars as to command attention as a solemn warning. America had her Appomatox, Rome her Zama. Each had a life and death struggle. Each prevailed. Each was then freed from dangers near home. Each then developed its commerce and became enormously rich. In each a few citizens accumulated phenomenal and unprecedented fortunes, while the millions remained poor. In each, the popular assemblies almost imperceptibly lost their influence, and the senate of wealthy men absorbed all real power while retaining republican forms. Each became, or may become, imperial with subject provinces which furnished revenues. Present American tendencies see their fruition in Rome. Shall the tendencies develop or will the warning be heeded and the republic return to its early principles? The next few years will determine the character and destinies of the republic.

A bronze statue in the Forum bore the simple inscription: "To Cornelia, the mother of the Gracchi." Cornelia prided herself, not because she was the daughter of Scipio, but because she was the mother of two reformers who died trying to stem the tide of imperialism and turn back the people to the sturdy virtues of the republic. They failed, but their names are immortal.

The educated Filipino in meditating upon the first century of American growth, sees how effectually the young republic has civilized its Indians—civilized them into Heaven on the theory that the only good Indian is a dead Indian. He sees how they have civilized and enfranchised the negro so as to permit a few whites to do the voting for him. He reads of lynchings and burnings, and barbarous crimes unpunished, and reflects upon the Philippine future when Anglo-Saxon influence shall dominate over what they deem a subject race under

a subject government. He remembers that republics are notoriously expensive; that parties and bosses are maintained by corruptly creating unnecessary offices and filling them with partisans. He may know that 11 per cent. of all officeholders sent to Alaska have been indicted and the last Grand Jury not yet heard from. He learns of the very prompt defalcation in Havana and frauds in Manila and reflects upon the condition of his native land when these influences shall be permanent. Will it then be a serious offense to steal from a Tagalog treasury or to burn at the stake a few Macabebe peasants? He remembers how the Roman senators increased their wealth and clinched their power by being appointed tax gatherers in provinces, and, reasoning from precedent, he shudders at the prospect of his Country becoming a Romanized American province. He justly argues from the lessons of history that an imperial republic will become the most brutal of masters.

We have before our eyes two pictures. In one the two great Anglo-Saxon nations are empires. Their armies overrun the world, and their rulers—be they called kings or presidents—force obedience at the bayonet's point. They have prevailed, and the whole world is civilized and at rest, as in the days of Augustus when the doors of the temple of Janus were closed in universal peace. But that universal peace becomes universal hate, and, as in times past, Roman cruelty decorated the Appian Way with 5,000 Romans on crosses after the uprising of Sparticus, so, under the new reign of universal dominion, Anglo-Saxon cruelty may rule the world in fear, until an upheaval of barbarians, with less knowledge but with more rugged virtues, may in turn, destroy this new government of force. Will the American republic die in blood?

"For the Nation and Kingdom that will not serve Thee shall perish; yea, those nations shall be utterly wasted." Isaiah 60; 12.

On the other hand we see another picture, where the giant young American republic overcomes its temptations. As

Washington thrust aside the temptation of a crown and was true to his principles, so may the new, mature republic put aside its temptations and declare that the Declaration of Independence shall be the guide of its manhood and old age, as well as its youth; that the object of government is the betterment of *all* its subjects; that nations are strong only when homogeneous and bound together in love.

We see the new republic grown rich and powerful and dominant among the nations of the world, extending the Monroe Doctrine to Republics in both continents, until all tyrants shall exist only in a faint memory and every nation shall be homogeneous and free, looking for example and advice to the Great Republic in whose protecting care the world is at peace under the dominion of love. Shall the American republic live forever?

In one instance every American will be like the imperious king who despises the abject subject who fawns upon him; in the other, every American will be a *man* mingling as an equal among his associates, who look up to him with honor and love by reason of his intrinsic worth. In the one picture we see Imperial America dominating the world under the doctrine of force; in the other, we see Republican America dominating the world under the doctrine of love.

In one picture Imperial America denies to its subject provinces all rights and privileges under the Constitution except such as it may condescend to grant; in the other we see Expanded America, with every American—live he in New York, Guthrie, San Juan or Manila—an equal under, and protected by, every clause of the Constitution, as a matter of absolute right. In one picture Expanded America has adopted children into the household: in the other, Imperial America has bought slaves to serve the household.

If the Constitution marches abreast of the flag, if every one who owes allegiance to the stars and stripes is entitled to the benefits of the Bill of Rights and every other clause of the

Constitution, there can be no Imperialistic Republic to bully the world. On the other hand an Expanded Republic will scatter its blessing of liberty everywhere. One tendency would produce one or two great empires ruling many peoples—a political trust, where all countries work for the benefit of an Anglo-Saxon board of directors; the other would create as many co-operative republics as there are homogeneous peoples, with constitutions appropriate to their needs, each using its political machinery and working for the benefit of all, mutually assisted and protected in self government.

We do not need the Filipinos; they need us; the benighted races of Asia need us. Japan has progressed as far in civilization in thirty years as our ancestry did in 300 years. But they imitated while we created. The object lesson of a genuine republic in the Philippines—a state or territory of a genuine republic—might revolutionize the hundreds of millions in Asia in a single generation. The opportunities of an Expanded Republic are boundless. If we remain true to the ideals of youth, this generation may see all nations republics, "Liberty, Equality and Fraternity" a universal motto, freedom of worship and equal taxation unquestioned, the Gospel of love, as promulgated in the Sermon on the Mount, presented for acceptance to every human being and a millennium of peace near at hand. Our responsibilities in this world crisis are tremendous.

We have reasoned thus far from the standpoint of Professor Draper, who assumed his theory to be true that nations and peoples are like individuals; *they all must die.* But Professor Draper forgot one marked exception to his rule. For centuries the Jewish race vibrated between good and bad ideals. When they obeyed Jehovah, they prospered; when they followed a bad king they were in distress. But since the great punishment of the captivity in Babylon, no Jew has been an idolator. He has been true to his God, and the Jewish people alone, among the peoples of history, have been preserved,

while dwelling as hopeless minorities among hostile majorities.

May we not reason, therefore, that the American republic may be preserved if it shall be true to the principles that dominated it in national childhood and in national youth, when it stopped sowing its wild oats and threw off the sin of slavery? And, if in adult manhood, our Country shall still be firm in its principles and, like Washington, be true to early ideals, who shall say that the American people shall not be the John the Baptist of a millennium of peace, and endure forever, first among equals in a wide world of republics?

It is glorious to have a lion's strength; 'tis cruel to use it like a lion.

VII.

HOW TO CREATE A PANIC.

(Address at Banquet, Boston, May 9, 1908.)

Is the Republic in danger? If so, what is the disease? and what the remedy? It is not enough to say that Republics are inherently weak and short lived, on the theory that the good die young. They have shown the same virility as monarchies, and we deem it an axiom that a representative republic is the only rational government among equals.

If we reason from the analogies of history we find that the Republic of Athens soon fell, but Athens wanted to rule over somebody; sent an army of conquest in an unjustifiable war against Syracuse; was defeated; and its influence was soon lost. It tried to "boss it" over its neighbors and the neighbors wouldn't stand it. The Republic of Athens died young—died in blood.

Rome was comparatively prosperous for some centuries—as long as it was poor. When it became rich it died—died in the bloody massacres of Marius and Sulla. The republic died of a disease, contracted while "bossing it" over its neighbors. Neither of the ancient republics was a "government among equals."

America has recently acquired a tendency to lord it over somebody, but thus far the symptoms are not dangerous, because our subject nations are weak, and cannot well fight back and are not valuable enough to excite the cupidity of others.

Rome Three-Fourths Slave.

By the defeat of Hannibal at Zama, B. C. 202, Rome destroyed its only hindrance to universal power, and in one gen-

eration Rome expanded its sphere of influence from Italy to the world. Within that single generation it became enormously rich, with its wealth concentrated in the hands of the few—mostly Senators. Three-fourths of the population were slaves.

The drift toward anarchy and ultimate absolutism through the corruption of wealth was fully appreciated by the reformers of that day. The Gracchi and others, like good doctors, correctly diagnosed the malady as "corruption of wealth," and as fatal. They tried the correct remedies and attempted to turn the government back to the people and the people back to the early virtues of the Republic, but purchased mobs threw their bodies into the Tiber.

In like manner our Civil War destroyed the last hindrance to our prosperity and world-wide influence. Like Rome after Zama, in one generation after Appomatox the United States has become enormously rich, with the wealth concentrated in the hands of a few, and our sphere of influence is now the world. Thus far the parallel is striking. Are we drifting toward absolutism?

The era of reform is now on. The reformers are good doctors, see all the symptoms of the disease, appreciate the dangers, and are applying the correct remedies of agitation. Will the people throw their bodies into the Hudson?

What is the diagnosis of our country's ills in 1908, and what the remedy?

Wealth in Hands of Few.

During the Middle Ages, the struggle for centuries lay between the feudal barons and the king. Were certain subjects to become greater and more powerful that the government itself? That was the problem, and it took centuries to suppress powerful and dangerous subjects and establish the strong central governments of Modern Europe.

To-day—one generation after Appomatox—the United

States is the richest nation on earth. Our wealth is estimated at one hundred and seven billions of dollars, an incomprehensible sum. In 1890 our wealth was sixty-five billions, England's forty-five, France's forty-three and Germany's thirty-four.

Moreover, our wealth is concentrated in the hands of a few, and they are specially represented in the Senate. Over one-half of our people die in debt. One per cent. of the people own more than one-half of the wealth, *i.e.,* one per cent. own more than all of the other ninety-nine per cent. put together, a greater inequality than ever existed in Rome. One American is the richest man that ever lived. Without doubt his wealth is over one billion of dollars, or about one-one-hundredth of all the wealth of the richest country on earth. He could have bought out Croesus several times over and have all Asia Minor left. Personally amicable, uneducated and unostentatious, he has devoted his energies not to politics, nor to silly display, but to mere acquisitions—apparently contented with the simple pleasure of piling up more and more. With his gigantic fortune he could become more dangerous than the robber barons of old. No nation in Europe could to-day endure the menace of so powerful a subject. With one-tenth of his income, he could buy up every convention, get joint nominations for President and become a perpetual John D., and then——

Well, thank fortune, our Croesus has indigestion and is not ambitious. Our conditions are not yet ripe for this extravagant hypothesis.

A Million Brutuses.

While three-fourths of the people of Rome were slaves, nearly four-fourths were ignorant and vicious. Cæsar, who gave his name to the office of perpetual ruler, was talented, learned and wise, and mild as compared with Marius, or Sulla or Augustus; *yet there was a Brutus.*

Our problem is not the same as in Rome. An examination of conditions shows that the parallel is inapt. We have no

slaves, but have a million Brutuses. Our common people are educated and moral, and exalt virtue and learning, not brute force and cunning. The danger of the republic does not lie in individual fortunes, however great or tainted. They will soon change hands and be divided. A Ryan, with his all-powerful influence at Washington, will get young Rockefeller's wealth if he keep in the game.

The menace of individual fortunes is but a differential compared with that of the accumulated capital, or rather the accumulated *ready cash*, of giant corporations, especially insurance companies and banks, where irresponsible directors handle the millions belonging to others, and become enormously rich by juggling other people's money. Our danger lies principally (1) in the insurance companies and in the banks, their tools, and (2) the public service corporations, all enjoying special privileges akin to monopolies through the favor of legislation. Their most valuable assets being legislative privileges, they must own the legislatures or discontinue illegal practices that give enormous profits.

Our Great Criminals.

I venture to say that we would have no "Wall Street," so-called, and no corrupt political machines, were it not for these corporations which owe their existence to legislation, grow rich under special privileges secured by legislation, and which must own Legislatures in order to exist at all, and exercise their present illegal methods, and must utilize Wall Street and politics in carrying out their schemes. These conditions are not old; they may be said to be the growth of the last twenty years.

The real danger to the republic lies in gigantic corporations controlling ready cash, and being controlled by irresponsible directors who do not own their own companies. This condition could not exist without "Wall Street," where the biggest fish are eating up the big fish, and where by the manipulation of margins (through the instrumentality of bank loans), great

corporations are controlled by those who do not own them. It takes an immense amount of ready cash to keep "Wall Street" going, and carry the 90 per cent. not put up with the broker on a ten per cent. margin transaction.

The great criminals of this generation are the respectable financiers and certain respectable lawyers who devise schemes for them and keep them out of jail; and the most fruitful field for their operations is the three great insurance companies which, created by law, are yet the most dangerous subjects of the republic, and should be suppressed, or, at least, curbed.

They are too rich, too large, too powerful to be safe subjects, and too unscrupulous. Small companies are not dangerous, and to keep them within bounds, no company should be permitted to establish agencies and do business outside its own State, where it can be adequately supervised.

Twenty Years of Crime.

Tontine or deferred dividend policies were conceived in iniquity and issued under false and fraudulent representations amounting to larceny. Legitimate, economical insurance would cost the people one-half less than tontine rates. By a career of twenty years of crime, the three great insurance companies, controlled by irresponsible people, have collected assets of about $400,000,000 each and keep on hand about $20,000,000 each in ready money, which they distribute among banks and trust companies which they have created and control. [Equitable, 1905: "Cash in banks and trust companies at interest $22,651,666.82," besides "loans secured by bonds and stocks $10,805,000."] With this cash they "are" Wall Street and politics and control Legislatures.

The insurance companies are only typical. Other public service corporations are in the same category. The "big six" that own New York are the three great insurance companies, New York Central, Traction and Gas. Without them there would be no Wall Street, no modern politics. How is this?

Under present conditions the officers of the great corporations can make themselves enormously rich, with absolutely no limitations to their wealth. They can stack the cards and bet on four aces all the time, and get takers as long as the people are ignorant of their methods, and the law permits the game to go on.

To allow their shell game to continue, it is, first of all, absolutely necessary to own the Legislature and thus get such laws as they need, prevent their repeal and suppress or direct investigations. To own a Legislature takes money—secret money—currency, not checks, and secret manipulation. The tools are Wall Street and politics. How is it done?

An Enormous "Yellow Dog" Fund.

First, there must be an enormous "yellow dog" fund, and, generally speaking, this fund does not appear on any books and can never be traced. How is it obtained? Do not think for a moment that the directors ever pay it out of their own pockets. These corporations control over $100,000,000 of ready money on deposit in their own subsidiary banks and trust companies. With this immense fund under control, they can create Wall Street fluctuations arbitrarily. Acting in concert, they send word to their banks: "Make money scarce. We borrow (tie up) $50,000,000 for a week." This immense sum being withdrawn, money immediately becomes "scarce," "has gone West to move the crops," "the banks are below the legal reserve." The broker, carrying stocks on margin, comes to renew his loans. The loans are "called" nearly every day, so that the banks can compound their interest. The banker says, "No money," "below the legal reserve; can't renew your loan." "What!" says the broker, "after carrying my loan for six months you refuse to renew!" The broker is obliged to sell; stocks tumble; money soars from 2 to 100 per cent. per annum. At the end of a week the directors buy in the stocks with

the "borrowed" money. Money now becomes plenty, stocks soar, interest goes back to 2 per cent., the panic is over, the directors sell, and there is your yellow dog fund of millions without a trace of it on the books. What do they do with it?

A "statesman" is nominated in a strong Republican district. Under our system of politics his election is sure. He will get a salary of $1,500 from Albany. He goes to No. 49 Broadway and gets $2,500 for "campaign expenses." He understands conditions and wages his whole campaign in his own trousers' pocket. No guilty dollar escapes. If it is his second term and he has been useful, he gets $5,000. If he is a Democrat, he goes through the same program with the accredited agent of his party. If the district is doubtful, the money is divided. No crime has been committed, nobody has been bribed, no transaction has been had with an elected official. But whom will the legislator serve: the master who pays him $1,500, or the master who pays $2,500? The Republican boss and the Democratic boss go to the same man for the money—to the agent of the Corporations syndicated for political purposes and controlling both parties.

Agents of the "Big Six."

There can be no political boss who is not the financial political agent of the "big six." Why was the bill introduced into the New York Legislature to revoke the charter of the Mercantile Trust Company owned by the Equitable Life? Was it not merely a "big stick" to force the "financial agency" from the hands of an aged and decrepit boss into the hands of a young, vigorous leader who had gained control of the machine and found himself powerless without the agency? There would be no offensive political boss but for the immense campaign funds disbursed through him, and any boss is powerless unless he is the accredited agent of "the system." These funds are not spent in legitimate campaigns of education, but, like the Harriman-Roosevelt fund, are used on the day of election.

The Remedy: Up to 1890 the State owned the corporations. Since that date the corporations have owned the State. The laws of 1848 provided that no corporation should own stock in another corporation. That law was repealed in the interest of the lawless corporations, and sleight-o'-hand "holding companies" sprang up, without which trusts would be practically impossible.

Re-enact the law of 1848 and go further: Make the ownership of stock by any corporation illegal and prevent any corporation from doing business in the State of New York, whose stock is owned by any other corporation. Prevent any corporations, including banks, from holding stock as collateral. This would put Wall Street out of business, as the brokers could not borrow the 90 per cent. from individuals.

Transactions "on margins" would be practically nil. The great railroad corporations would then have their stock held by real owners, and would be controlled by those whose interests lie in the company's prosperity, not by gamblers, who hold it on a 10 per cent. margin through banks, who loan the people's money and thus enable the gamblers to control the corporations out of which they can make more money by wrecking than by building up. A railroad may be controlled by putting up with a broker 10 per cent. of 51 per cent. of the par value of its stock.

Would Bring Real Prosperity.

If there were no holding companies, there would be no trusts, for Captains of Finance could not control conditions without that instrumentality. Individual trustees would not be trusted. If railroad stocks could not be held by banks as collateral, there would be no gambling. Wall Street transactions and the stocks would be held in the vaults of *bona fide* investors, who would vote for directors of practical business ability, not for Captain Kidds of Finance. Break up Insur-

ance Companies into small companies under strict State supervision and you will have honest insurance at a reasonable cost and the companies will have no need, nor the ability, to buy legislators. A Baron may become too powerful for the comfort of the King.

But such a radical change would disturb business! Well, what if it does? Don't the insurance companies disturb business and create a panic every time they want a new "yellow dog," or a few more millions for their officers on the side? They make panics at will. But would there not be genuine prosperity instead of panic? What would be the result of Wall Street getting converted to the Ten Commandments? First, a lot of Wall Street banks would go out of business, and their cash would be loaned on mortgages instead of margins; real estate transactions would boom. Second, ten small and honest insurance companies would pay their presidents, practical insurance men, $5,000 each, instead of one gigantic company paying $50,000 to one who makes millions besides in "four ace" speculation. Railroad companies would squeeze the water out of their stock, investors would get the dividends and practical railroad men get salaries, prices would be lower, wages higher and the millennium at hand.

The Remedy is Plain.

The diagnosis of the disease is plain; it is "corruption through corporate wealth." The remedy is simple: old laws renewed, regulating the holding of corporate stocks by other corporations. The doctors are wise, devoted and patriotic. Will the people take the medicine?

We are now in the midst of a "great" panic, *i.e.*, a national, not a Wall Street, panic, the causes of which are partly natural and partly artificial. The Steel Trust, having captured, at one-half its value, the Tennessee Coal and Iron,

its only formidable rival, the "system" would now like renewed good times so as to enjoy the $500,000,000 profits it has made out of the monetary situation. But the people have got the notion into their heads that many bankers are as big scamps as the insurance and railroad people, and it will take time to pull the wool over their eyes again and lead the innocent lambs back into the bear pit, where very soon they will again be gambling in Wall Street against stacked cards.

Will the republic choose a Gracchus or a Cæsar? Shall we employ a doctor or an undertaker?

VIII.

RUSSIA *vs.* JAPAN.

a.—Fairplay to Russia.

(*Jackson, Mich., Evening News,* Aug. 29, 1904.)

The writer's personal experiences in Japan have been delightful; his acquaintance, during several years with many Japanese of high rank, most cordial; his admiration for Japanese progress and self-confidence, unbounded, and all his prejudices and best wishes are with them; nevertheless, in view of the fact that Japanese virtues are continually on parade, and their failings ignored; and in view of the further fact that the American press seems to be almost unanimous in their favor—apparently on the selfish ground that Japan is fighting our battles for an "open door," *i.e.,* free trade in China, while we maintain protection at home—and persistently suppresses any presentation of the Russian side of the controversy, he has tried to analyze present conditions in the interest of fair play.

Russia's friendship for America and France, the two great republics, has been marked, and of great value to each—especially to the United States during the trying ordeal of 1861-65—yet she is an absolute despotism, and we cannot endorse or sympathize with much that she is alleged to have done—notably her treatment of the Jews, and her laws against proselyting among Orthodox Russians.

Her vast domains in Asia have great areas that are largely worthless or unattractive, sparsely settled by eighteen millions of people, who are largely ignorant and semi-barbarous, and divided into the greatest variety of nationalities, languages, religions, and cranks—all of whom require a strong govern-

ment. The city of Tiflis has people who speak seventy different languages, and believe in every system of philosophy ever invented. Much can be forgiven in Russia, in relation to her shortcomings, for her problems are complex and unique, and in very recent years she has shown marked improvements: Serfdom has been abolished, schools fostered and courts established along the line of new government railroads in the Caucasus, Trans-Caspia and Siberia, where, ten years ago, was nothing but anarchy, with marauding bands of Tartar brigands making life uncertain and property valueless. Nowithstanding public sentiment to the contrary, the greatest civilizing nation of recent years is Russia.

In view of the recent marvelous civilizing results that have attended her railroad building in uncivilized regions, we can afford to hear her side of the argument in this conflict, which is admittedly commercial and not sentimental.

Next to a man's life, he will fight for his property; so with nations. Man's greatest property interests are no longer real estate; personal property is even more important. Formerly nations fought for territory, now they fight for markets. We are dealing with conditions, not theories. This is illustrated by England's occupation of Egypt.

The Suez Canal was constructed under Turkish auspices by French engineers. England had opposed its construction, and did every thing possible to favor the continuance of traffic by way of the Cape of Good Hope. After steamboats had supplanted sailing craft as freight carriers and the canal had become a demonstrated success England secretly purchased a majority of its stock for about twenty millions of dollars, including five millions as a commission to Baron Rothschild. This purchase was made over night, and this large commission doubtless included the usual lobbying expenses necessary in all Turkish transactions. That stock is probably worth a hundred millions of dollars to-day, pays large dividends, and this transaction has been immensely

profitable. Others took the chances of promotion; England has reaped the profits of success.

As soon as England had a monetary interest in the Suez canal, she occupied Egypt, temporarily, for the avowed purpose of protecting her investment. She did not come into Egypt under any treaty stipulation; she was a bare-faced trespasser, and was profuse in her promises of speedy evacuation. The fulfillment of those promises has been adjourned *sine die*. Egypt had an orderly government, and her people were contented. England sent no colonists to Egypt; her interests were purely commercial, but without doubt, her rule in Egypt has been beneficent, and no nation has gone to war with her on account of the broken pledges.

About ten years ago, Russia started a gigantic enterprise in the construction of 4,000 miles of railroad across the great continent of Asia. Its cost has already been about $375,000,000, compared with which, the expenditures of England in Egypt have been trifling. It is not, of itself, a profitable venture, but it has been a great civilizer; time only can demonstrate its financial value. It passes along southern Siberia, which is blessed with rich soil, temperate climate, and a beautiful and diversified surface. Jutting up into southern Siberia, for 943 miles, is a part of Manchu-Tartary. It was necessary to cross this country with the new railroad in order to reach, by a short cut, the Russian port of Vladivostok, which port is closed by ice four months in the year. Manchuria is China beyond the walls, and was infested by hordes of wild Tartars who owed allegiance to nobody, and at least of all to the weak government of China. Most of Manchuria, it might be said, never had any government at all. Its population was sparse; property and life were insecure; the villages never knew at what moment a Tartar band would sweep down upon them, killing the men and carrying off the women and stock. Anarchy prevailed; generally speaking, there were no secure land titles and personal property belonged to the last robber.

Indeed, China had practically no suzerainty over Manchuria; its sovereignty may have been *de jure,* it was not *de facto.*

Russia obtained an eighty years' concession for her railroad across Manchuria, with a further concession for a branch south to Port Arthur, which is a so-called ice-free port. It also obtained timber concessions along the Yalu River, between Korea and Manchuria. The entire length of the road in Manchuria is 1,558 miles, about as far as from New York to Omaha.

Russia has spent many millions of dollars on the railroad through Manchuria, and in the development of Port Arthur as a commercial terminal. She did this under a treaty with China, the only nominal sovereign. She not only lavished her treasure, but has furnished 1,000,000 Russian farmers as immigrants along the line of the Siberian road, transporting them from Moscow—4,000 miles—for about $5 each; she has built up Harbin as a Russian city of 70,000 people in three years; and has abolished the deportation of criminals to Siberia, confining them in prisons at home, where prisoners of different grades are kept separate. France still uses Guiana for the deportation of criminals; England used Australia until Australia became populous, when the custom changed. Russia used Siberia for the same purpose until the Siberian railroad brought population and orderly government, then the law was changed. Russia's modern prison system is a model. To abandon this railroad and these immigrants to the Manchurians for thirty days without military protection would be to invite destruction by the marauding bands of brigands who formerly held undisputed sway. Russia sent in troops to protect its own property; has built railway stations and thriving villages, and Manchuria is to-day a civilized community with perfect protection to life and property, and its people buy millions of dollars' worth of American goods every year while ten years ago they bought practically nothing. Russian troops cannot be properly withdrawn until the new towns are large

enough to protect themselves and the railroad from marauding natives. That date might easily be extended by the influence of Japanese "diplomats" in disguise in Manchuria.

If we compare Russia's occupation of Manchuria with England's occupation of Egypt, we find the most striking differences. England purchased surreptitiously a profitable property, and, without invitation, immediately landed troops to protect its investment within the territory of a well organized government. No one threatened the Suez canal; England's occupation of Egypt was a mere pretext for a guardian to seize from Turkey, his ward, what the ward was too weak to defend. Russia openly constructed a great civilizing railroad at enormous expense, under the solemn conditions of a treaty, and scattered troops along the line of her road to protect it from uncivilized peoples. The reign of each new occupant has been beneficent, but the results of England's occupancy are not to be compared with Russia's.

It is useless to discuss Korea, for Japan only has an interest in that country; Russia has claimed none.

So much for the commercial aspects of the problem. There is not a nation on earth that would not fight to protect its own under similar circumstances, especially against a neighbor that had never invested a dollar, or a life, in the disputed territory. Practically, Russia has redeemed northern Manchuria as a derelict. If Russia does not fight to the bitter end to protect Russians and their property in Manchuria, she should be despised by every brave people.

Let us next consider the political aspects of the problem. This requires the consideration of the anomalous conditions existing in China and Japan.

China proper contains less than half the area of the United States, and about 400 millions of people; that is, its population is about ten times as dense as ours. The so-called dependencies of China, that is, Manchu-Tartary, Mongol-Tartary, Jungaria and East Turkestan, are more than twice as large as

China proper, yet contain but about sixteen millions of people. China has 300 persons per square mile; Manchuria twenty. Northern Manchuria is intensely cold in winter, sterile and thinly peopled. The population is chiefly employed in herding.

China is a huge, unhomogeneous corpus, ready to be dismembered—without military spirit or patriotism—without love, not of country, but of her government, and without the knowledge—or inclination—for self defense. No one has any sympathy with the present Tartar government of China. The Chinese need a strong, honest government, and modern inventions, and the sooner China is divided up the better for her people and the world. The division should be either into separate governments—preferably along the lines of homogeneous languages—or by protectorates. Ten thousand well armed, well disciplined troops could overrun all China, in one triumphal journey, and be met everywhere with indifference. If they should carry the Chinese flag, the people would not recognize it, but would think it the private flag of the Commander. In A. D. 1644, the northern tribes—Manchus or Tartars—overran China, turned out the "Bright" dynasty and established the "Great Pure" dynasty, which imposed the pigtail upon the Chinese as a sign of subjugation. Every descendant of those invaders receives a pension of rice to this day, and, generally speaking, is a soldier, supporting the hated dynasty. For centuries the Chinese have bought safety; their aristocracy have been merchants, and soldiers have been hated and despised; as a result, the military spirit has been dead for centuries. The Chinese people, as a whole, take no interest in government or politics, and could not be induced to fight anybody.

The Japanese, on the other hand, are a nation of fighters. For centuries the aristocracy were the feudal Daimyos or barons, and their retainers; merchants were despised; only fighting was honorable; and they were always at it. With the

Restoration in 1868, the Samurai, or military retainers of the Daimyos were out of a job. The Daimyos dulled their fighting edge in the cares of government. The Samurai joined the army, but the routine of peace was irksome. Jingoism in Japan is supreme. Holidays are numerous, and every holiday sees the display of millions of flags, especially the war flag. War is as much in the air in Japan as at Donnybrook fair. They are looking for trouble, and, of course, they find it.

Conditions in both China and Japan are unique. The Japanese Government is honest; the people are dishonest; the Chinese Government is dishonest; the people are honest; Chinese merchants meet their contract obligations; the Japanese merchants meet theirs, if profitable. This condition is anomalous, but can be readily explained. In less than forty years the Japanese have come out of densest feudalism. They have advanced as far in civilization in forty years as our ancestors did in 400, but they have copied, while we created. During the 300 years of Shogun rule—a government by generals—the people were divided into four castes: (1) the Samurai or military class; (2) the land holders or small farmers; (3) common laborers, and (4) lowest and despised by everybody, the merchant class. The Samurai, always poor, plundered the merchants, and the merchants, never allowed to get very rich, cheated the Samurai. There was absolutely no mutual confidence, no commercial integrity. Nobody appreciates this more than the Japanese themselves, and the one encouraging feature is the fact that they are striving to overcome this national weakness. The Japanese colleges have courses of lectures devoted to commercial integrity, and, with the increased wealth and social prestige of the merchant classes, conditions are steadily improving. Think of American colleges having a course of lectures on commercial integrity—having to teach the students that they ought not to cheat and, having made a contract, they ought to keep it. These facts account for the anomalous conditions:—Japan with an honest government and

a discredited people; China with an honest people and a discredited and hated government.

The new Japanese government is really a bureaucracy of the old feudal chiefs. It is chivalrous, strictly honest, and progressive.

Both physically and mentally, the Chinese are a superior people, and if they be seized with a spirit of modern progress and military enthusiasm for a government of their own, to which they could look with affection and pride, they would rank among the greatest people on earth. With their present peaceful inclinations, under a congenial, strong and honest government that would protect life and property, and develop their resources, they would soon rank among the most useful people on earth.

Nineteen-twentieths of the people of Turkey hate the Turk, but the one-twentieth only are permitted to bear arms, and the jealousies of Europe maintain this cruel despotism, with its frequent massacres, and prevent the dismemberment of Turkey. Nintey-nine-one-hundredths of the people of China hate the Tartar, but the commercial jealousies of Europe, through what they call the "open door," maintain the cruel despotism of this Tartar dynasty, and prevent the rehabilitation of China. Is it not time that the *justice* of Europe should consider the 19-20ths of Turkey and the 99-100ths of China?

Ten years ago, Japan, having had grafted upon the old, virile, Samurai stock, the military accomplishments of modern civilization, had one of the best equipped military establishments of any nation of her size. Her people had physical endurance, marvelous patriotism, military training and the most modern equipments. She knew perfectly well that the Chinese would not fight anybody, and Japan did not even take the trouble to pick a quarrel; she merely occupied Korea, and then invaded China.

"In the summer of 1894, the Japanese Government suddenly and silently dispatched to the mainland of Asia a large

body of troops, who occupied Korea and seized the persons of the King and royal family, 'with the object'—so it was officially stated—'of maintaining Korean independence,' thence proceeding to make war on China, "in order to establish the peace of the Orient.'(?) The quaint humor of these alleged reasons might provoke amusement, were the subject a less tragic one than the infliction of measureless misery, pain, and desolation on unoffending neighbors. * * * The war grew naturally out of the condition of Japan herself at that particular juncture. Perpetual dissensions between the Diet and the executive, were fast putting the working of the new constitution out of gear,—straining it in fact to breaking point. Meanwhile the admirably trained army, like a racer panting for its trial of speed had long been impatient for a fight with someone, somewhere, anywhere." ("Things Japanese," Chamberlain, 1898, p. 216.)

Not being satisfied with "maintaining Korean independence" by occupying her capital, the Japanese ambassador assassinated the Korean queen and the country then became "independent" until the close of the war, when Japan claimed it.

No one has ever called this Chinese-Japanese fiasco war; it was merely a military promenade. The only trouble was that the Japanese could not "promenade" fast enough to catch up with the Chinese. It was a pure war of aggression, without even the pretext of an excuse, and Japan claimed, not only a large indemnity, but all Manchuria and Korea. Russia, Germany and France stepped in "to preserve the integrity of China," and Japan was required to be contented with her indemnity (which paid her well) and Formosa. The interfering powers—also England and the United States—naturally began to ask for and receive "leases" and concessions in payment for—well, for saving the "face" of the ruling dynasty.

Why does Japan now seek to undo the results of the Chinese war? Has Russia received a giant's share? That is,

at least, doubtful. But she has earned a giant's share. She has converted the anarchic desert of Manchuria into an orderly garden by the expenditure of gigantic energies in money and men. Is Russia to be begrudged one little ice-free port in the whole wide world? In Asia, Portugal has Macao; England, Wei-hai-wei, and the island of Hong Kong and Kow-loon on the mainland, making one of the greatest seaports of the world; France has the whole province of Tong-King; Japan has Formosa; Germany has a "lease" for ninety-nine years of Kiao-Chou Bay. This lease, by the way, reads wonderfully like a deed giving full sovereignty. Russia has a lease for 25 years of Port Arthur, and the Liao-tung Peninsula and an eighty-year concession for the railroad across Manchuria. But where has the United States come in? Don't think for a moment that the United States "got left;" we are not so innocent in matters of international "graft." Our government would not, of course claim a concession for itself, but we notice that an American Company of favored sons got the most valuable gift of them all—a 900-mile railroad concession (with mining and other privileges) from Hankow, the "Chicago of China," to Canton. It is a choice tid-bit and gives us a "sphere of influence" over the richest one-quarter of China. In the final scramble for the pieces, the United States will be in possession of the keystone of the Chinese arch. There is not a promoter on earth who would trade off that Hankow concession for a dozen concessions among the Tartars of Manchuria. England has, too, an indefinite "sphere of influence" that takes in the Yangtse-Kiang valley, the richest half of China.

Doubtless Japan feels humiliated that she should have been deprived of the fruits of conquest, but her humiliation is only that of a burglar who has been despoiled of his loot by a policeman. It is hardly fair to say that Russia and Japan are two dogs quarreling over bones which belong to neither. By the right of modern diplomacy, which has been acquiesced in

in Egypt, Russia's legal and moral lien on Manchuria is perfect.

Russian critics point to 300 years of incessant aggression, constantly extending her territory in every direction where opportunity offered. It will be remembered, however, that much of the territory is sparsely inhabited, and very few nations of the world would have taken it as a gift, and that, after all these centuries of so-called aggression, Russia has never been able to get an open port on any sea. Every port in the Baltic is frozen up in winter. The Black Sea is a Russian lake, because the powers prevent her use of the Dardanelles. England is terrified at the idea of the great Russian Empire having one little port in China, although England has a magnificent port that she has simply seized in years past, without any pretense of right, and has thousands of ports on all the seas of the world, and millions of square miles scattered over every continent.

The real objection to Russia's attitude seems to be the fact of her protective tariff. To be sure, there were practically no imports into Manchuria before the Russian occupation; then the Standard oil went in; now it is being supplanted by Russian oil. Have Americans, outside of Mr. Rockefeller, a right to complain? Plain Americans may get their oil cheaper, if it is kept at home.

England has certainly no right to complain of Russian aggressions in the light of recent Egyptian history. Protected America has no right to complain of protected Russia. England protected her industries until they became able to supply the home market and the world besides; then she declared for free trade. Now she seems again to tend toward protection under the leadership of her most prominent statesman, Mr. Joseph Chamberlain. America has protected her infant industries until they are now the terror of commercial Europe. Her private fortunes are the greatest ever known in history, and

the fundamental reasons for protecting certain industries no longer exist.

England let down her tariff bars when her infants were full grown. The United States still feeds her giant industrial babies on Mellin's food for infants, and pats Japan on the back, saying "Go in, young man, force open the door of Manchuria while we keep ours locked in Colorado and the Philippines."

The hostility to Russian aggression will probably be found in the nightmare of the future, when Russia shall have one very indifferent ice-free port at Port Arthur, which shall become the commercial center of Siberia, and its enterprise shall rival Hong Kong and Tokyo and get its share of the trade of the Orient. Should we not be equitable and allow her a fair show in the markets of the world?

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b.—How America Paid the Indemnity.

(*Brooklyn Eagle,* October 1, 1905.)

"What fools these mortals be." How the American people do like to be fooled. We are willing to exchange our birthright, not for a mess of pottage, but for a few laudatory cablegrams. Under the thin guise of flattery we have been cheated out of our Oriental prestige without the people knowing, apparently, what tremendous events have transpired. One moment we are puffed out with pride as imperialists, bent on conquering the world; the next we are the great pacificators, shouting ourselves hoarse over a treaty that annihilates our boasted imperialism and the rainbow of Oriental trade. Three important and cognate events are announced: The treaty of peace, the new treaty between England and Japan, and, most far reaching of all, determining the destinies of 100,000,000 of people, the transfer of the American concession in China to Japan, thus insuring Japanese supremacy in the Orient.

Simultaneously with the signing of the Treaty of Portsmouth, announced with such flamboyant glee, we permit China (now synonymous with Japan) to bully us into giving up the Hankow concession, and literally kick us out of Asia, while we do not so much as dare to resist, as other nations would have done, even to the point of war, or as we would have done a year ago, before Mr. Hay died, before Japan became the dictator of the destiny of Oriental races.

Russia fought a bloody war to protect a railroad concession of trifling value. We have given up, without a struggle, a concession (carrying practical ownership of the country) worth a thousand Manchurias. America practically pays Russia's indemnity—not at Russia's but at Japan's request. Russia saves millions; America gives up billions. And what do we get in return? A bushel of telegrams telling what a wonderful man our President is! Every telegram cost $1,000,000.

The Peking Government is a mere name without substance. It has no strength, either in armies or in the affection of its people. A few thousand well disciplined, well equipped American soldiers could overrun all China.

The Japanese Government of the Samurai or military class is wise, vigorous and progressive; the Japanese people, especially the merchants, are dishonest and untrustworthy.

No Pretext for War With China.

Japan's war with China, in 1895, was purely aggressive. It had not even a pretext. No foreign diplomat at Tokio saw any war cloud in the horizon at sunset, but a Japanese army landed at Seoul at sunrise. They struck without warning; struck a foe that they knew would not fight back. Japan claimed all the conquered territory, but France, Germany and Russia stepped in. Japan had to be satisfied with Formosa and an indemnity. England had stood quietly by, when Japan was stripped of her plunder, but she was not an idle spectator

when China was practically dismembered after this opera bouffe war.

Why trifle with words when the facts are apparent? A kind of "gentlemen's agreement" was entered into between England, United States, Japan, Russia, Germany and France. The actual partition of China then took place under the thin guise of "leases" or "concessions," used merely to "save the face" of the impotent government at Peking. Almost simultaneously (in 1898) Germany received a ninety-nine-year "lease" of Kiao-chow Bay; France took the harbor and port of Kiang-chow-wau, near her province of Tong-king, as her share of the plunder; Russia received Manchuria, most of which was a derelict, never having had any settled government since the beginning of the world. England took Wei-hai-wei directly opposite Port Arthur, and "a promise that no territory in the Yang-tze Valley should be alienated to any other power, thus obtaining a so-called sphere of influence over the richest half of the empire." For our share, the United States took the very tenderloin of Asia in the most valuable concession ever granted by China or by any other country; *i.e.,* a concession for railroad, mines, etc., from Han-Kow, the Chicago of Asia, to Canton.

William Barclay Parsons says, in "An American Engineer in China," at page 45: "The concession covers about 900 miles of railway, together with mining and other privileges, which makes it in value and in national importance second to no other concession granted by the Chinese Government."

These actual cessions of territory are called "leases" or "concessions," but they read suspiciously like deeds. England's "sphere of influence," which means ownership when England chooses to exercise it, takes in one-half of China proper; America's one-quarter has 100,000,000 of people. The American concession included not only the railroad franchise, but it included mining and other rights of fabulous value—everything in fact. It was far more sweeping than England's

rights in the Yang-tze Kiang. It was granted to an American company, organized under the laws of the United States, was negotiated through the Chinese ambassador at Washington, and was signed with a great flouish of trumpets. Secretary Hay would never have given it up without the loss of a fleet and an army. Only about twenty-eight miles of that road have been built, but it has paid about 100 per cent. per annum on the investment. The Chinese spend their spare taels riding up and down on this road, packed on flat cars, worse even than Brooklynites are packed during rush hours on the Bridge.

England's Shrewd Diplomacy.

Next move: England uses Japan to pull English chestnuts out of the fire, and break up the "gentlemen's agreement" that followed the Japanese-Chinese war. A treaty is entered into agreeing to come to the aid of Japan if attacked by two powers. This was really a secret compact that Japan should pick a quarrel with Russia and seize her new Asiatic possessions, including her ice-free port that threatened to rival the commercial supremacy of Hong Kong. By the way, why should not the vast empire of Russia be entitled to one ice-free port in this wide world? England has thousands. David was jealous of Uriah's one little ewe lamb. England knew that Japan could defeat Russia for at least one year, operating, as Russia must, 5,000 miles away from her military base, and this treaty would keep off Germany and her fleet and her experienced sailors. England would furnish the money, for Japan was too poor to wage war. The results we know.

While this fight was on, England sent an armed force into Tibet (which belongs to China just as much as does Manchuria) and forced a treaty—not with China, not even with the Grand Lama who had fled, but with some man of straw who was set up and recognized for the purpose. Such a treaty

is, of course, a flimsy pretext, but it will be sufficient, and will be a far better excuse for holding Tibet than England now has for holding Egypt. When the English bulldog gets hold, he never lets go.

Japan struck Russia practically unprepared.

The cry about Russia's broken promises has been persistent, but wholly unfounded. Russia's treaty with China in 1902 is not in form to justify the charge.

As far as we can learn, the treaty stipulations between Russia and China were strictly carried out by Russia and largely disregarded by China. The treaty of March 26, 1902, provides:—

"The Chinese Government * * * *takes upon itself the obligation to use all means to protect the railway and the persons in its employ,* and binds itself also to secure within the boundaries of Manchuria the safety of all Russian subjects in general and the undertakings established by them.

"The Russian Government, in view of these obligations accepted by the Government of His Majesty the Emperor of China, agrees on its side, *provided that no disturbance arise,* and that the action of other Powers should not prevent it, to withdraw gradually all its forces from within the limits of Manchuria in the following manner: * * *

"Art. 3. In view of the necessity of preventing in the future any recurrence of the disorders of last year, in which Chinese troops stationed on the Manchurian frontier also took part, the Imperial Russian and Chinese Governments shall undertake to instruct the Russian military authorities and the Tsiang-Tsungs, mutually to come to an agreement respecting the numbers and the disposition of the Chinese forces until the Russian forces shall have been withdrawn. At the same time the Chinese Government binds itself to organize no other force over and above those decided upon by the Russian military authorities and the Tsiang-Tsungs as sufficient to suppress brigandage and pacify the country."

China was helpless to protect the Russian railway and Russian subjects, even from its own troops stationed in Manchuria, and as to suppressing brigandage and pacifying the country, China never had done it, and apparently never could do it and did not try. If Russian troops had been withdrawn, as Japan demanded—just as if she were a party to the treaty—there would not have been a Russian rail or a Russian subject left alive in Manchuria within thirty days.

Moreover, this treaty was a matter between Russia and China. Of what business was it to Japan or America, neither of whom had spent a dollar or a life in Manchuria? Above all, what right had America to "demand" Russia's evacuation of Manchuria? Did we command England to evacuate Wei-hai-wei, or Germany to get out of Kiao-chow? Russia was in Manchuria under a solemn treaty and had spent $375,000,000 on a railroad that will not pay expenses for years to come. Japan had never spent one dollar in money either in the development of Manchuria or Korea.

It is well known that Northern Manchuria has been a derelict—never had had any settled government until Russia went there, from the days of Adam to the days of the railroad; anarchy prevailed; generally speaking, there were no secure land titles, and every flock of sheep belonged to the last robber. China never had any actual civil or military control over the robber bands of Manchuria; never pretended to have; and had the Russian troops been withdrawn the Russian railroad would have disappeared in thirty days.

What the Peace Means.

Now comes the Peace. And at what a price! Almost simultaneously with the peace at Portsmouth is announced the new treaty, offensive and defensive, between England and Japan, and the relinquishing of America's concession to a Chinese so-called company. Japan gets the whole of civilized

Manchuria—gets Port Arthur and Dalny, but England does not give up the new concession of Wei-hai-wei, just across the bay, that was ceded to her for the express purpose of counterbalancing Russia's concession. Germany and France have not yet been asked to give up their interest in the "gentlemen's agreement." But their time will come soon.

The treaty of Portsmouth means the actual partition of China between England and Japan only. Russia has been driven back into the fields of Northern Manchuria, a region that no other nation would take as a gift. Japan has a "sphere of influence" in Korea and Southern (or civilized) Manchuria. But that is not enough. She wants more. She now dominates Peking and wants to own China, and England is willing to give her ally everything not her own. The United States is "dead easy." Flatter America a little, and she will give up anything. Make her the great pacificator, the great persuader; stir up a boycott; have the Chinese government demand back her concession and give it to Japan, and it is done.

Japan insisted on an indemnity; Russia refused; England suggested the Hankow concession instead; just think of America's glory as a peacemaker; Japan jumps at the suggestion; America is generous, and gives up to Japan one-quarter of China, worth untold billions. No wonder that Japan waived an indemnity. She gets from America a territory worth a hundred times more than all of Asiatic Russia, and America never suspects that England has pulled the wire.

English diplomacy is now complete; France, Germany and Russia have received their morsels, but are practically shut out of China. At the first disturbance, English and Japanese fleets will pounce down upon their few remaining provinces, and, behold! all of profitable China divided between England and Japan.

The treaty of Portsmouth closes every door to American commerce. In the alleged "open door" we are chasing a rainbow. Do we sell goods to India, and will we sell goods to

Manchuria or China? Cheap Japanese goods have already followed in the trail of the Japanese army. Japanese tooth powder, with an American label misspelled, sells for two-fifths of the price of the genuine article. Spindles in Japanese cotton factories are tended by girls and men working twelve or fourteen hours per day for from six to seventeen cents per day. Their product will control the Chinese and Manchurian markets—especially under Japanese "influence." Just now Japan must place some large initial orders in America. Her necessities require it. But in twelve months we will have no trade in Asia for anything except oil. The Philippines will continue to be an expensive nuisance, valuable only as a coaling station, which, on the first pretext for trouble, will be taken in by an English and Japanese fleet combined under the terms of the new treaty. England and Japan are to-day the owners of Asia. They can reach out their hands and take it all in at any moment. Its wealth, under their development, will be marvelous. Chinese soldiers under English and Japanese officers will hold Asia against the world, and English and Japanese merchants, exploiting the region of our American concession, will be the envy of American Rockefellers, and their influence will dominate the Orient. Japan dominates Peking to-day as absolutely as she does Seoul. America has nothing left to exploit but her sister republics in South America.

What Might Have Been.

The peace of Portsmouth has turned back the hands of time on the dial of European liberty for a century. When Hannibal was at the gates of Rome, all was lost save hope, and Rome's favorite general, Fabius, merely maneuvered for years, wearing out Hannibal with marches. Russia could have maneuvered for twelve months longer in Manchuria; Japan would have been bankrupt and exhausted, and England tired

of making loans. Russia would, by that time, have had to adjust her internal troubles satisfactorily to the people. Now the rest of the world must forget internal trouble and join hands against this new colossus or go to the wall.

Mark this prophecy for a generation hence: The area of the Hankow concession will have become one of the richest and most powerful provinces on earth; American goods shut out of Europe by hostile tariffs; shut out of Asia by cheap Japanese goods and "spheres of influence"; America's sphere of influence confined to the western continent; a commercial panic, followed by a coalition between United States, Russia, Germany and France, and a gigantic struggle between Europe and America on one side and Asia and Asia's master on the other. England's diplomacy is to-day the shrewdest on earth; America's the most naive. In the future, look out for sparks.

IX.

"OUR FLAG."

(Home for Consumptives, Brooklyn, May 22, 1904.)

It is highly appropriate that the birth of an American flag should be celebrated with religious services. It is also appropriate that *such* a flag, consecrated to so beautiful a charity as the Home for Consumptives, should be dedicated in these beautiful surroundings and on this beautiful Sabbath Day. Under our form of government, religion and politics move on parallel lines that are said never to intersect, but these parallels are so close together that their influence on each other is marked, and we rejoice in the name of being a religious nation. No man can be a good citizen of a republic unless he is a good man, and he who undermines the religious beliefs of a free people is a traitor, for no republic can permanently exist unless the people be moral. Had the Sermon on the Mount never been uttered, it is safe to say that we would never have had this free government "of the people, by the people, for the people." It is certainly safe to say that but for the love and words of Him who died on Calvary, there would be no hospital like this, devoted to soothing the last years of those who can help neither others nor themselves.

In full appreciation of the fact that the American flag represents all that is best in government; that it represents both our nation and the God whom we serve, and the principles of love that have made such institutions possible, these patients have contributed from their scanty means to provide a new flag for Memorial Day.

The banners or ensigns of all the nations of antiquity represented in one way or another, the god or gods that they worshipped. The brazen serpent that Pharaoh erected upon the lighthouse of Pihahiroth to check the passage of the Israelites at the Red Sea, was worshiped by the Egyptians; and

when Moses conquered the Amelekites, he set up an altar on which was inscribed *"Jehovah nissi,"* "The Lord is our banner." Each tribe of Israel had its ensign, with its distinctive symbol and color; the best know of these is the "Lion of the tribe of Judah."

When the Emperor Constantine was converted to Christianity, the Roman eagle and *"Senatus Populusque Romanum"* gave way to the sign of the cross and its motto *"In hoc signo vinces."* At the time of the crusades, the Pope gave to each nation a different cross for its symbol—to England the cross of St. George; to Scotland the cross of St. Andrew; to Ireland the cross of St. Patrick. On the union of England and Scotland in 1706 their two crosses were united, and when, in 1801, Ireland became part of Great Britain, the cross of St. Patrick was joined with those of St. George and St. Andrew in the British flag as we see it to-day.

In the early days of the revolution, a variety of American flags were used. One of these was the yellow flag of Admiral Hopkins, having as a center-piece a black rattlesnake, coiled and ready to strike and the motto, "Don't tread on me." Benjamin Franklin was much pleased with this symbol and wrote a beautiful and curious letter, advocating as our national symbol the appropriateness of the rattlesnake, which was never aggressive, always remained on the defensive, never struck without warning, but when it did strike, struck to kill. But the eagle finally triumphed over the serpent.

Up to 1777, the Revolutionary flag in most general use was the Union flag of England, with thirteen stripes added; but it was soon found that British men-of-war too readily sewed stripes of red and white canvas upon their own flags, and thus decoyed American vessels into their power; so that on June 14, 1777, Congress "Resolved that the flag of "the thirteen United States be thirteen stripes, alternate red "and white; that the union be thirteen stars, white in a blue "field, representing a new constellation."

The drawing of this new flag found in the State Department shows the stars arranged in a circle, but the soldiers in the field, true to their old traditions, so arranged the thirteen stars as to preserve on their new banner, the old crosses of St. George and St. Andrew. But God has blessed beyond measure this "new constellation" in the firmament of freedom, and the double cross of thirteen has grown into a solid phalanx of forty-five fixed stars; the new constellation has become the most brilliant in the heavens and the guide for political mariners of all nations. It takes no prophet to foretell that in the near-by future, that constellation shall have guided every nation in the world to the safe harbor of freedom, where kings and aristocracies shall exist only as a faint memory, and where governments of the people, by the people, and for the people shall possess the world in peace.

We are naturally proud of our flag—proud of its pre-eminent beauty among the emblems of the world. It is beautiful in the happy mingling of its colors, the red, white and blue; beautiful in the proud thoughts suggested by those stripes, the thirteen infant colonies, those stars, the forty-five stalwart States; beautiful in the thoughts that cluster about its history, from the struggles and triumphs of our forefathers, whose patriotism laid so firm a foundation for this magnificent palace of liberty, to the struggles and triumphs of these veteran heroes who redeemed that palace from the disgrace of national crime and saved it from ruin in the day of threatened national disaster.

It is, indeed, a beautiful flag in the eyes of you veterans who have shed your blood and devoted years of toil and hardship to maintain its honor, and who love it more for the priceless sacrifices it has cost; and it is beautiful in the eyes of your children, who, seeing your wounds and appreciating your service, now swear in the presence of God, their country's flag, their country's defenders, to sustain the heritage we have received at such generous hands.

How beautiful that flag is as it now floats out on this beautiful Lord's day, over these patients whose savings have replaced the national emblem that has been worn out in the breezes of heaven!

How beautiful that flag has seemed to me, floating from a gondola in Venice, from the summit of the Pyramids, from St. Paul's, St. Peters, and many mountain peaks of Europe. Enthusiastic American tourists seldom forget to carry with them their star-spangled banner. How beautiful it is, proudly floating from that magnificent dome at Washington, from the flagstaffs of our frontier forts, the mountain heights of our signal stations, or at the mast heads of our frigates at sea; and how beautiful it was to some of you, veterans of 1861, amidst the sulphurous smoke of battle; how your hearts thrilled as that flag was revealed in the breaks in the clouds of smoke that concealed all from view but the flash of your shotted canon!

But these stars and stripes are not the symbol of war. Its grandest victories are the triumphs of peace. For one hundred years it has led and protected the advancing columns that have swept across the continent, not urged on to conquest by martial strains of fife and drum, but by hymns of praise to God. Wherever that flag has been floated to the breeze, there liberty and progress have planted a school and a church. There its mantle has protected the weak, fed the hungry, clothed the naked and sheltered the homeless. It very appropriately floats over this beautiful charity that shelters the hopelessly consumptive.

We do not forget, however, that this flag was not always the emblem of freedom. We learn from history that for years it floated over a race of slaves, when our boasted freedom was a reproach to our honor; that for years after the conscience of the civilized world had branded slavery as a crime and the slave trade as piracy, we tenderly nursed this viper in our breast and received with brazen face the taunts of an outraged

world. We do not forget, among other things, the Seminole War, undertaken professedly to exterminate a few savages, but really that the Government of the United States might recapture runaway slaves; and "we the people" actually bought bloodhounds from Cuba to hunt down our fellow men; and *our* soldiers followed at the heels of those hounds! *our* stars and stripes floated proudly, I presume, in such noble warfare! Fife and drum sounded patriotically "My country, 'tis of thee," while the baying of the hounds, maddened by the smell of blood, chanted the response, "Sweet Land of Liberty"; and " we, the people," paid for those hounds, notwithstanding the fact that the laws of civilized nations forbids such methods of warfare.

Let us draw the veil over these dark pages of our history. They but serve to emphasize the unselfish patriotism of those who deliberately laid down their lives to save the country from itself. "He that ruleth his spirit" is better "than he that taketh a city." What a man *knows,* makes him strong, and what he *loves* makes him noble. This is true of nations. The greatest man is the grandest character; the grandest character is he who conquers himself and makes his rules of life conform most nearly to the Sermon on the Mount. The grandest nation is that which purifies itself until its statutes conform to the statutes of God. Wars for freedom are grand, but wars for self-purification are grander.

We were first taught that heroes belonged to past ages and distant lands. The handful of Greeks that beat back the Persian invaders at Marathon and Thermopylæ and saved the world from Oriental barbarism, were heroes, and how we honor them! The handful of Swiss who defended their homes at Morgarten were heroes, and how we honor them! The French veterans who followed the fortunes of the Little Corporal from the Bridge of Lodi to Waterloo, and, by reason of their matchless discipline, trampled the nations of Europe under foot in the name of La Belle France, we call pa-

triots, and honor them as heroes. Our forefathers, who fought and starved and froze at Bunker Hill and Valley Forge have no flaw in their title. Their exalted place in history is fixed. But it was left to our own generation to produce the grandest heroes of them all. History will place the names of our own fathers high on the tablets of fame above the most famous names in ancient or modern story. Patriotism is not dead, it is not a thing of the past, it still lives. The popular uprising in 1861 has no counterpart in history; it was unparalleled in numbers, unapproached in enthusiasm, unequalled in stern determination to sacrifice everything to preserve their country and its honor. The nearest approach to it in any age or nation was the popular German uprising of 1871.

Alexander fought for conquest, Hannibal for hate, Washington for the liberty of his own people, but Grant fought for the liberty of a down-trodden stranger, and that is noblest of all. Our forefathers fought against oppression; they fought for their homes and firesides; they were driven to desperation, and they fought like tigers for freedom and material prosperity; but you, Grand Army Men, fought for principle, to preserve a nation and free the slave. *Your* homes were not threatened. *Your* hearthstones were not invaded. You, by simple inaction, could have let your erring brothers go. You had left still a glorious country, a congenial, free people of whom you could justly be proud; proud of them all, from the storm-beaten rocks of Massachusetts Bay to the cloudless slopes of the Pacific Ocean. Yet for principle's sake, through unselfish patriotism and love of freedom, you shed your blood for a country's honor, and that a down-trodden race might be free; that strangers and unborn millions might enjoy the privileges you so fondly cherished. And I have no words to express my admiration for patriotism so unselfish, for devotion to principle so rare and unequaled.

We do not wonder that these patients wish a new flag to celebrate the day which commemorates the only great, un-

selfish war in history. They appreciate that this beautiful emblem was washed clean of sin in the blood of our hero fathers, and they wish me to express their gratitude and thanks. They marvel at the valor of the unselfish patriots of 1861, and read the story of their lives with the same wonder, and draw therefrom the same lessons in patriotism, taught by the stories of Thermopylæ and Bunker Hill. They are proud of you veterans and of our flag:— That flag that hung in sorrow over those hungry, freezing patriots at Valley Forge; that floated out in triumph at Yorktown; that flag that proudly flapped the breezes on Lake Erie and at Lundy's Lane; that still waved mid fire and smoke at Polo Alto and Resaca de la Palma, and whose red, white and blue reflected the rays of a tropical sun, proudly floating over the palace of the Montezumas at the City of Mexico; that flag that hung in sorrow and in shame over fallen Sumpter, till star blushed to stripe and stripe reflected back the pain and sorrow of a nation; that old, battle-worn, bullet-torn flag that flapped its tattered stripes o'er fallen Richmond until the shouts of victory were re-echoed from Alleghany peak to Sierra crags, until lost in the hymns of praise from the dear ones at home, chanting thanksgivings to God that our star spangled banner at last floated over a free and united people.

These helpless patients, these devoted women, even these strong men, may never be permitted to share the honors of our fathers in war, but we can show our appreciation of their heroism by preserving our national honor, cherishing our flag and keeping clean that emblem that was washed in their blood; and we trust that General Sherman's prophecy may prove true that that flag "will go down another century, not a star obliterated, not a stripe dimmed, and that it will continue for the future, as it has in the past, to be the emblem of liberty and law, of charity and good will to man on earth."

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The Woolly Horse

ALEXANDER S. BACON

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